

## Affection

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## Affection

by [sayitfirst](#)

### Summary

Dream has never had an issue with George liking guys. So why does the thought of his roommate having a serious boyfriend make him want to throw up?

Or: A dnf fic based on that *one* reddit post/article about the guy who was scared he was homophobic but was actually in love with his roommate.

title based on the song affection by between friends.

# Cheesecake

## Chapter Notes

this chapter is honestly just an introduction to their dynamic and what they're like living together. i plan on making future chapters longer than this, but just needed something out there for motivation lol.

i'll be putting tw's and cw's in the beginning notes if they're needed!

this is just for fun! please keep it on ao3, and of course if dream or george ever change their mind about shipping this will be taken down asap!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Honey, I’m home!” Dream calls out mockingly as he pushes the apartment door open, dropping the few plastic bags he was holding onto the ground.

“Thank God, I was just dying without you here,” George is standing over the sink, scrubbing the last of the dishes they had used for dinner last night.

“I could only imagine,” he chuckles. “Here, I got you something.” Dream places two brown takeout bags onto their kitchen table and reaches into one to pull out his food.

“I told you not to get me anything!”

“Yeah, well I thought back to every other time you’ve told me that and then stole my fries when I got home,” Dream rolls his eyes playfully, taking a bite from his cheeseburger.

George laughs lightly, pulling out a chair to sit across from his persistent roommate and reaches into the greasy McDonald’s takeout bag to find the food Dream had brought him.

“I’m serious you know, I shouldn’t be eating this right now. I have a date in like, an hour,” he chews.

“He says as he bites into the burger,” Dream mumbles.

George sticks out his bottom lip in a pout, his brown eyes meeting Dream’s green ones. He dramatically bats his eyelashes a few times, Dream immediately breaking into a fit of harsh wheezes.

“Oh God, George, don’t ever...” he playfully slams his hand down onto the table, making a poor attempt at catching his breath. “Don’t ever do that again. What was that? Oh God, what were you trying to do?”

“I was trying to make you feel bad for being so passive-aggressive. You’re such a dick,” George takes a sip of his drink.

“Excuse me?” Dream asks, putting on a fake tone of betrayal. “Who bought you that cheeseburger combo you’re currently inhaling?”

Instead of giving the other man a verbal response, George shrugs his shoulders before filling his mouth with a handful of fries.

“You’re impossible,” Dream shakes his head, going back to his burger.

George stands from the table, a smile on his face. “Thank you; for the food, not for calling me impossible. But really, I can’t finish this all right now. I gotta go get ready for this date. I’ll let you know when I’m on my way out.”

Dream isn’t able to get a word out before his roommate has exited the room, leaving him to clean up the small mess that the two had created.

The blond let out a tired sigh, glancing back over to the front door where he had previously left the small number of groceries he purchased. *I’ll take care of that later*, he decides, sipping his drink. He quickly finishes up the last few bites of his meal, tossing the garbage into one of the paper bags and pushes it off to the side. He takes another glance around the kitchen. It was obvious George did a lot while he was gone; the counters wiped clean and dishes neatly organized in the rack to dry, and here he was just leaving things lying around for later and making more of a mess. Perhaps George had been right all those times he told Dream he was a shit roommate. Another long sigh comes out of the man as he leans his head down and rests it on the table, eyes fluttering closed.

He wasn’t going to fall asleep here, no. He just needed a little bit of a break. Turns out spending most of your day driving to different grocery stores trying to find some stupid cookies from the UK that George *swore* were available in America got very tiring, very fast. Dream just hoped George wouldn’t be too disappointed that he wasn’t able to find the foreign snack anywhere.

“You good, dude?” George’s voice causes the younger man to sit up in shock.

“Shit, you scared me.”

“Were you sleeping?” George stifles a laugh.

“Shut up, man. I was not,” he waves him off.

“Sure,” George says sarcastically. Dream watches him closely as he collects his wallet from the table and moves to a mirror hanging on the wall to attempt to style his hair.

“Hey, I couldn’t find those cookies by the way. I tried everywhere, I’m really sorry,” Dream is still looking at him, speaking with genuine sorrow.

“Huh? Oh, no worries man. I can probably just order them from Amazon or something. Thanks though.”

Dream didn’t answer, feeling only a bit annoyed that he had spent his day on a wild goose chase for some damn cookies, only to find out they were probably available online the whole time. It wasn’t a big deal though, it seemed like a very George thing to do. He couldn’t be mad at him for it. Honestly, he didn’t think he could ever be mad at George for anything.

“Right. Well, I’m heading out. I don’t know when I’ll be back,” George grabs his set of keys from the counter. “But if the opportunity arises, I’ll let you know if I’m not coming home tonight,” he winks.

“Gross, bro.” Dream laughs. “Have fun,” he waves.

“Don’t forget to feed Patches!” George calls on his way out of the apartment, the sound of the door

shutting cutting him off.

Dream can't help but roll his eyes. Of course he wasn't going to forget to feed his own cat. Even after almost a year of living together, he swears George still sees him as some child who can't take care of himself. Don't get him wrong, he loved living with George, but there were times where he wished he would just let him be instead of nagging him to do certain things all the time.

Dream stretches out his arms and lets out of quiet yawn before standing from the table and gathering the trash he and his roommate had left behind. There's a brief moment where he makes eye contact with Patches, who is sitting quietly in the doorway. He holds up a finger towards her; as if to tell her that he'll fill up her bowl in just a minute, before walking over to the trash can to dispose of his garbage and George's half-eaten burger.

Reaching into one of the cabinets, he pulls out a large bag of cat food and makes his way over to her bowl. Leaning down to pour the pellets into her bowl, he sees Patches wait patiently next to him, occasionally rubbing her head against his leg. Once he closes the bag, he takes a seat next to his cat on the floor, watching her slowly begin to eat. He observes her with a soft smile, thinking back to the day he first got her, his mom warning him over and over again that this was a really big step.

Without him even realizing it, Patches finds her way into Dream's lap. "Comfy?" he smiles, patting her head lightly.

He thinks back to the day he and George first met at the coffee shop around the corner to talk about the possibility of George getting to rent out the extra room in Dream's apartment. He laughs slightly, remembering the way George's face lit up at the mention of Dream owning a cat, explaining that he had to leave his own with his mom back in London. Dream recalls thinking that after that moment, none of the other questions seemed to matter, nor did the other candidates. He had found his roommate.

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It's around 10:30 p.m. when Dream is sitting on the couch, Patches curled up next to him, watching highlights of the latest football game. At this point in the night, the lights in the apartment are all off, his eyes are closing for an extended period, and he can't help but fall in and out of sleep.

It's no surprise that he jolts to life when he hears a click at the front door, his mind immediately going into panic mode before he can make out George walking through the door frame, flicking the lights on in the kitchen.

"Jesus, you really need to sleep more," George giggles, his head peeking into the other room briefly.

"I didn't think you were coming home," he rubs the sleep out of his eyes, looking down at Patches,

instantly feeling ashamed for accidentally waking her up.

“I texted you like, half an hour ago.”

Dream taps his phone’s screen and eyes over the various missed notifications from the past hour. Sure enough, there are three missed messages from George.

*hey sleepyhead*

*i’m on my way home*

*i have a surprise for u :D*

“Surprise? What’s my surprise?” He watches George as he makes his way over to the couch, flopping down next to him and Patches.

“I brought you a slice of cheesecake, it’s in the fridge.”

“You are the best roommate in the existence of roommates. No other roommate can compare to you, Georgie,” he says sweetly, tilting his head with a smile.

“Nope. No. Never call me that again, Clay.”

“Oh, God. He pulled out the real name for that one,” Dream holds his heart dramatically and makes a burning sound with his tongue. “It stings, Georgie,” he can’t help but add extra emphasis on the nickname.

“I have an immense amount of hatred for you. What are we watching?” He reaches out to stroke Patches.

“Football highlights,” he says, watching George’s gentle hand run over Patches’ body.

“Cool,” George looks up at Dream for a moment, watching his eyes go wide at George potentially being interested in sports for what seemed like the first time in forever. “Just kidding, we’re watching Mamma Mia.”

“What? No, George. C’mon now,” Dream scrambles as George grabs the remote and switches Netflix on.

“Too late,” he grins at the younger man. “Plus, I think the best roommate to ever exist in roommate history should get to control the television for the night.”

Dream stayed quiet at this, no longer bothering to argue back. It was clear he was fighting a losing battle.

A few minutes pass, the only sounds filling the room being the television and George’s humming before curiosity gets the best of Dream.

“So, how was the date?”

“Hmm?” George looks at him questionably.

“Y’know, since you ended up coming home instead of...” He trails off, attempting to refocus on the movie.

“Oh,” George can’t help but laugh a bit. “I think it went well! He was super sweet and wants to get together again soon. As for the whole coming home thing, he didn’t seem like a first date kind of guy, I guess.”

Dream simply nods his head, watching the musical number taking place on the screen. “Right. Well, I’m glad you had a good time.” He can feel George’s eyes burning holes into him but refuses to turn his head.

“Yeah, thanks,” the brunet finally responds. “I’m gonna make some popcorn, be right back.”

Dream finally turns in his direction, watching him leave the room. The blond released a breath he didn’t know he was holding in.

## Chapter End Notes

lol when i said domestic fluff in the tags just know i *meant* it. also the titles of the chapters really won't have that much significance, and will probably just be named after something that is mentioned in the chapter !! i won't lie, i'm a little nervous about publishing this because i haven't really written anything like it before, so please be nice lol. i've made a spotify playlist for this fic that i'm somewhat proud of and you can find it [here](#) !

# Maple Syrup

## Chapter Summary

Dream annoys his roommate. George has another date to attend.

## Chapter Notes

another chill/short chapter,,, i swear we'll get angstier and more domestic soon i promise i promise

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream awakes to the scent of maple syrup drifting into his room. Propping himself up on his elbows, he can make out the faint sounds of clashing pots and pans coming from the kitchen. He stifles a laugh, letting his body fall back onto the mattress. Beside him, Patches stretches out before climbing onto his chest and pawing at her owner's nose.

"Morning to you too," Dream mumbles with a smile. He can't help but plant a light kiss on the top of her head, her eyes closing briefly.

Once the cat is satisfied with the amount of attention she's received, she moves off of Dream and hops off of the bed, Dream watching as she makes her way out of the room to where Dream can only assume is the kitchen to go bother George. Dream finally gathers enough energy to roll off his mattress and make his way into the bathroom to wash up.

The blond watches himself in the mirror, taking in his appearance as he continues to brush his teeth. His free hand reaches up to fluff out his hair, doing his best to make it look at least a little better than the bird's nest he woke up with.

*George is right*, he thinks, *I really should get more sleep*. He can't help but focus on the slight eye bags that have formed due to countless nights spent on the couch, using any possible excuse to not go to bed before George.

Dream can hear George in his head, scolding him for being so careless about his sleep schedule. The brunet had explained several times that the reason he had been up so late recently was because of a programming client he was working with back in London. George would tell him that he didn't need to wait around for him, that Dream '*needed his beauty sleep more than anyone*,' but Dream never budged.

Last night was no exception. Despite George being the one to turn on the film, he insisted time and time again that Dream didn't need to sit and watch the whole thing with him, telling him that he'd probably be better off calling it an early night and heading to bed. But no, Dream wanted to stay where he was, George and Patches both curled up into balls on the sofa beside him. Whenever George would attempt to bring up the fact that Dream had already been half asleep when he got home, Dream would shush him, telling him that he was interrupting the characters on screen.

Dream glances at himself once more before exiting the bathroom and following the delicious scent of maple syrup down the hall and into the kitchen.

George is there, trying to decide how he's going to fit all of the different dishes he used into the dish rack. Patches sits on the counter next to him, watching him closely. A stack of pancakes is displayed on the table, which has already been set with plates and glasses. The jar of maple syrup that Dream had purchased yesterday can also be seen on the table, a significant amount already missing, indicating that George was clearly impatient and understandably hungry this morning.

"Good morning!" George says happily, finally taking notice of Dream's presence in the room.

"Mornin'" Dream speaks, his voice is still groggy from just waking up. "What's all this for?"

"Mmm... I like your morning voice," he smiles sheepishly at the other man.

"Yeah yeah, we know, Georgie. Now, are you gonna answer my question?"

Dream isn't phased by the slightly flirty comment that comes from his roommate. They did this sort of thing a lot. George jokingly flirts with Dream, and Dream; being incredibly secure in his sexuality and masculinity, would jokingly flirt back. It wasn't a big deal. Sure, Dream had to deal with one too many comments from Sapnap when the two would occasionally tease each other while their friend was visiting, but everyone knew it was just a friendly thing. An ongoing joke between the pair.

"Nothing, really. Just in a good mood, I suppose," the brunet finished up at the sink, moving to sit down at the table, Dream mirroring his actions.

"You *suppose*?" Dream laughs slightly.

George rolls his eyes and plops a pancake down onto to plate. He also takes the time to place two onto Dreams.

Dream watches him closely as the other man pours syrup onto his breakfast, he takes in the soft smile across Georges' face, the way his eyes crinkle at the sides, the very faint shade of pink that covers his cheeks.

"You're lying to me," Dream says simply, moving to grab the jar of syrup.

"What?"

"About why you're in a good mood."

"Oh God, Dream it isn't that serious."

"Well, I mean, since when do we lie to each other?" Dream's tone is flat, and George can't tell if he's actually upset or not, and honestly neither can Dream.

"You're so annoying," George mumbles. "Lucas texted me when I woke up and he wants to see me again today, okay?"

Dream takes a bite of his food, an eyebrow raised in response.

"Wh- Oh, Lucas is the guy I saw last night."

"See, now was that so hard, George?" Dream teases. Okay, he definitely wasn't being serious.



"I hate you. Shut up and eat the damn pancakes that I woke up bright and early to make for you," George shakes his head.

"If this Lucas guy-" Dream shoves another piece of his food into his mouth and chews. "If he's gonna have you up this early and making me breakfast all the time, I say you marry him right now."

"You're gross," George cringes. "Didn't anyone teach you not to talk with your mouth full?"

There's a very quick pause between the two before Dream breaks into laughter and has to actively try to not choke on his food.

"That sounded so unintentionally *dirty*," the younger man says, letting out a wheeze.

"What?! Stop! You seriously are so weird. Get away from me," George jokingly holds his fork out towards Dream, attempting to shield him from coming any closer.

"C'mon, Georgie. You *love* me."

"Yup, that's it. You can eat alone. I've got work to do."

Dream is too busy catching his breath to stop the other from leaving the room.

"You're in charge of those dishes, by the way!" The other man shouts from down the hall.

Dream sighs in defeat. Considering all the cleaning George had done yesterday and the fact that he made breakfast this morning, cleaning up after himself was the least Dream could do.

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Dream swore to George when he sat down at his desk in their shared office that he wouldn't bother him, that he was simply there to get a head start on a coding project he was being paid to do. It wasn't a lie, that was what he set out to do, but Dream had to fight to hold in his giggles watching George act all serious while he was on the phone with his client.

George flipped him off, throwing in a glare that silently demanded Dream be quiet. This only resulted in a loud wheeze from the blond, his hand slamming onto his desk, and George frantically apologizing to the man on the phone for the strange noise that came from his end of the line. A few minutes later, George had finally ended the call.

"You forget I know where you sleep. I'm going to kill you in your sleep one of these days."

"Calm down, George, it was funny," Dream rolls his eyes, turning back to his own screen.

“You’re the worst,” George continues to work.

“You’re so cute when you pretend to hate me.”

“Yeah, and you’re cute when you’re not talking.”

“Alright, that one stung, dude,” Dream smiles, turning his chair towards his friend.

George smiles widely back at him, shaking his head slightly. Dream’s smile doesn’t fade, looking from his friend to the floor. They stay like that for a few moments, George watching Dream’s soft expression, wondering what could possibly be running through the other’s mind to be so lost in thought but still look so delicate.

Dream eventually looks up, eyes once again meeting George’s. When he opens his mouth to speak, he’s almost immediately cut off by a loud *ding* !

Both men turn to check their notifications, not knowing whose phone interrupted Dream.

“Fuck,” George’s eyes scan over the message before shoving his phone into his pocket and rising from his desk.

“Everything alright?” Dream watches George hunch over the desk, hastily shutting down programs and closing various tabs.

“Yeah, yeah. I just didn’t realize how soon Lucas wanted to meetup. I gotta go.”

“Oh, okay. Where is he taking you?” Dream is suddenly scrolling through his Twitter timeline, hiding how close he’s been observing the other man.

“I dunno, he mentioned lunch at a cafe he really likes. Don’t know the name, though. Hey, I’ll try to be back before 5, okay? We can have dinner together, sound good?”

“Yeah, no rush, man. Have fun,” Dream waves him off, suddenly being left to work on his project with only Patches as his company.

Dream can hear the front door open and shut, as well as the very faint sound of a ‘Goodbye’. He debates messaging Sapnap and asking him to come by for a bit, but he knows it’s probably best to just spend his afternoon working.

He does end up messaging Sapnap, but only to start up a new game of 8 Ball, continuing their tournament that had been going on for several months now, Dream ahead by only a few points. When he hears his phone chime, he expects it to be Sapnap complaining about how unfair this game had been, but instead, George’s name has popped up on the screen.

*idk if u heard but i said bye before i left*

*sorry, i should’ve come into the office before i left, that’s on me :c*

*don’t forget ur cheesecake in the fridge!! i’ll bring u home a croissant or something to make up for leaving so fast*

*luv u :]*

Dream focuses on the last message more than anything else. It wasn’t like it was uncommon for them to say it to each other. They’d been friends and roommates for almost a year now, and they’d

grown surprisingly close.

In all honesty, when Dream had put out the ad for a roommate, he wasn't expecting much. Just someone who would be in and out, occasionally do the dishes and empty the trash, and keep the bathroom tidy. He didn't plan on finding someone to pull all-nighters with, who had the same interests as him, who insisted after only a month of living together that they made their own traditions like having movie nights once a week or eating at least one meal together every day. George wasn't what he had planned on getting, but Dream was glad they had met.

So no, it wasn't strange that George had messaged Dream that he loved him; because they did love each other. They were friends.

## Chapter End Notes

am once again promoting my playlist for this fic that can be found [here](#) ! comments + kudos r appreciated <3

# You're His Home

## Chapter Summary

Dream has a flashback to a memory he'd much rather forget. Sapnap is a good friend.

## Chapter Notes

a bit of a longer one perhaps???? i dunno but we're getting into the story now amen!!  
tw for slight homophobia/internalized homophobia towards the end (this is in the tags  
but i thought i'd include it here just in case!)  
also this isn't very edited because i wanted to get this out before the karl stream that's  
starting soon lol anyway enjoy!! :] (right before i published this i got the notif saying it  
was held back until dream wakes up this mf-)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream does not like Lucas. Maybe it's the way he drags his feet when he walks, or the way taps his fingers against the doorframe while he's waiting for George to grab his things. Perhaps it has to do with the absurd amount of times he cracks his knuckles while he and Dream are having a meaningless conversation, both of them praying that George hurries it up so they don't have to do this any longer. Dream couldn't quite put his finger on the specifics of it, but he does not like Lucas.

That being said, Dream refrains from making any unfriendly comments towards the other man, for the sake of both George and himself, not wanting to let his emotions get the best of him; as they often did.

Even now, as George stands between the two men, explaining to Dream how beyond horrible he feels that he accidentally overlapped their planned roommate dinner with his movie date, Dream manages to hide how truly upset he is.

"George, I already told you it's okay! Go have fun, I'll probably invite Sapnap over," the blond says, doing his absolute best to not roll his eyes at the older man's poor planning skills.

"Are you sure? I seriously feel terrible about this. Maybe you and Sapnap could come out with us?" George pouts.

Dream's glance quickly travels over to Lucas and catches the way the dark-haired man visibly cringes at George's words. "No, no. It's okay, Georgie," Dream watches Lucas cringe again. "I'm serious, go have a good time. I'll be here when you get home anyway, we can eat leftovers or ice cream or something."

Dream and Lucas watch as George continues to have some sort of internal battle with himself before ultimately sighing and telling Dream that they can share a tub of ice cream as soon as he gets home.

As soon as the couple exits the apartment, Dream pulls out his phone and clicks on Sapnap's contact, pressing the call button.

"What's up, dude?" Sapnap answers the call in a matter of seconds.

"You busy? Do you wanna come by and order pizza or something?"

"Sure, but tell George we are *not* getting pineapple again. That shit sucks," he laughs.

"First of all, no it doesn't. Second, George isn't here, so don't worry," Dream makes his way to the couch in the other room and plops down beside Patches.

"No George on a pizza night? You guys get into a fight or something?" Sapnap questions, partially joking at the odd occurrence. For as long as Sapnap has known George, he's never missed a pizza night in the household.

"Nah, we're fine. He forgot he had a date tonight, so we just didn't get to eat together today. Everything's okay."

Sapnap stays quiet for a few seconds.

"You still there?"

"Yeah, yeah. You guys didn't eat together? Isn't that like, against the rules?"

Despite Sapnap's earnest tone, Dream attempts to laugh it off. "We don't have *rules*, you idiot," Dream pauses, thinking about the scenario for a moment. "I mean, we've always eaten at least one meal together, today we didn't, but that's okay." Dream isn't sure who he's trying to convince anymore.

"Yeah, that's okay," Sapnap repeats slowly. "I'll be there in 15, see you soon," he hangs up.

Sure, he was bothered by the fact that George had been so careless when agreeing to go out with Lucas tonight, and he was even more bothered that George didn't mention it to him until Lucas showed up at their front door with two tickets to a drive-in theatre. And sure, Dream's chest stung when he thought about the fact that this was the first time George had broken one of their traditions, traditions that *he* decided to create. But, in all honesty, Dream had no right to be mad, and he knew that, they both did.

During the earlier months of the two living together, Dream hadn't been fully on board with the whole 'tradition' idea. He felt that it would be too difficult to follow through with, or that it would try to control his schedule too much. He had expressed this to George in not so many words but assumed George understood. So when Dream got a text from the girl he was in a 'friends with benefits' situation with at the time; Mia, he didn't think George would mind that he left the apartment to go see her. It wasn't until he got home around 3 in the morning to find the brunet boy curled up on the couch; a look of betrayal displayed on his face, that Dream realized how wrong he was.

As much as Dream has tried to bury the memory of that night deep inside his mind, he can still remember the conversation like it was yesterday.

*"I didn't ask for much, Clay. I just thought it would've been nice to spend some time together every now and then, but apparently spending a night a week watching a movie with your roommate is too much of a commitment for you."* George snaps.

*Dream stood far away from him, searching for the right words to say. "I'm sorry, I didn't know this meant so much to you. I promise I won't do it again. I'm home now, let's just make some popcorn and put on a movie."*

*"You didn't think it meant so much to me? Dream, I'm not sure if you've noticed, or maybe you just feel bad for me and don't want to bring it up, but I really don't have anyone else here. Do you think I spend most of my time in this apartment because I **want** to?"*

*Dream knows he's upset with him, but he has to admit that that hurt him a little.*

*"I'm not good at meeting new people, I'm not good at going out and making friends. You have people like Sapnap and Mia, you can call them anytime to hang out if you're feeling lonely. All of my friends are back in London, do you think I want that? I don't, Clay. So I'm sorry that me wanting to spend time with one of my only friends interfered with you and your hookup. That's on me."*

*"George, plea-" Dream feels sick, watching his friend snap and break for the first time since he's known him. He did such a good job at covering his feelings up that Dream had gone and accidentally hurt him, which in return hurt himself.*

*"No, I'm exhausted, Clay," Dream can see his eyes well up, and he can feel his own heart sink. "I'm going to bed."*

*Dream can only watch as George rises from the couch and heads down the hall, eventually hearing the slam of a door that causes him to jump slightly.*

The next morning was filled with continuous apologies from both men, Dream promising that it wouldn't happen again and that the last thing he ever wanted was to hurt him, George apologizing for snapping at the other instead of letting him know earlier how lonely he had been feeling.

It's Dream's least favourite memory of the past year. Knowing that they had hurt each other so badly, even when it wasn't on purpose, it pained the blond to even think about it.

Dream suddenly understands why George was so hesitant to leave with Lucas. He knows what it's like to be forgotten about, to be left alone in their apartment while the other was having fun, to know that time that was set aside for only the two of them was being occupied by someone else.

Despite everything, Dream tries to be happy for George. Maybe he himself doesn't like Lucas, but it's obvious that George does. He ignores the sudden sick feeling in the pit of his stomach and decides that he should be glad George has finally found someone other than him and Sapnap to spend time with.

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About an hour later, Dream is cleaning up the mess of pizza boxes and empty cans of Coca Cola in the kitchen while Sapnap is poorly attempting to get Patches to sit next to him.

“Your cat is evil, Dream,” Sapnap laughs from the other room.

“No, she just doesn’t like you,” Dream rolls his eyes.

“Shut up, we’re gonna become best friends one day and leave you and George behind.”

Dream tenses up at the mention of the other man. Neither of the friends had brought him up since their phone call earlier, Sapnap almost walking on eggshells around Dream.

Sapnap was the only other person who knew about the argument George and Dream had that night, Dream texting him through most of the night complaining about how he didn’t know what he could do to make it up to his roommate. It was no surprise to Dream that Sapnap didn’t want to bring up George leaving Dream behind like he did months earlier.

Sapnap must notice that the comment caught the other off guard, because he’s made his way into the kitchen with a look on his face that reads *‘Oh shit, I didn’t mean to say that.’*

“Er- I mean- Fuck, sorry,” Sapnap watches Dream.

“Don’t worry, it’s not a big deal,” Dream waves him off.

“You’re allowed to be upset, you know. I know what you’re thinking about right now, but just because that happened doesn’t mean that you aren’t allowed to feel disappointed.”

Dream sighs.

“Look, you two are close. You have these things that you do together and I get how much it must suck to watch someone get in the way of that, but George lives here. This is his home. *You’re* his home. He’ll be back and you guys can spend time together then, right?”

“I don’t like him,” Dream breathes out.

“What?”

“Lucas, I mean. I don’t like him.”

“Didn’t you just meet him today? Or am I missing something?”

“Yeah, but, I don’t know. I don’t like him. It’s just a vibe I get, like he thinks he’s too perfect.”

“Okay...” Sapnap lets him continue.

“Whatever, my opinion shouldn’t matter, right? As long as George is happy then I should keep my mouth shut,” he looks over to Sapnap, searching for some sort of reassurance or approval, anything to tell him he’s just being dramatic and moody.

“I mean, yeah, but if he does turn out to be some sort of pretentious douchebag, I’m sure George will get out of there as soon as he can. You don’t need to worry, Dream, he can take care of himself.”

Dream nods slowly, absorbing his friend’s words. Sapnap was right, he was worrying for no reason. George was an adult, he could be with whoever he wanted, and Dream didn’t know why he believed that George needed his approval for a few minutes.

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Dream doesn't bother checking the time when he wakes up to hear the front door open and shut, but he knows it's late. He can hear the faint sound of dishes clanging and the opening of the refrigerator before his phone buzzes lightly beside him.

*u up?*

*wide awake now that ur making all that noise*

When he doesn't get a reply quick enough, he closes his phone and tosses it somewhere on his bed, sitting up and stretching his arms out. A few moments pass, and someone is knocking lightly on his bedroom door.

"Come in."

George peaks his head into the room as Dream flicks on the lamp beside his bed.

"Sorry for waking you," the brunet says softly.

"It's fine, I was only like, half asleep anyway," Dream lies.

George moves to sit in front of him on his bed, and Dream suddenly notices that he's holding two bowls full of ice cream.

"I thought we could have a really late dessert together?" George looks at him, eyes soft and tired.

He wants to be upset, he wants George to know how shit his night has been, that he's been trying to avoid thinking about being left behind, that he had a whole talk with Sapnap about how one certain night haunts him to this day. But then he looks into George's apologetic eyes and forgets about everything, except Sapnap explaining that he was going to come home again, that he was always going to come home.

"This looks like a 12-year-old went crazy in a frozen yogurt shop," Dream laughs, taking one of the bowls from his friend and acknowledging just how many toppings George had managed to throw on top of the ice cream.

"Yeah, well, take it as one huge disaster of an apology," he laughs awkwardly.

They both eat in silence for a bit, enjoying the messy treat George has prepared for both of them. It's pretty dark in Dream's room, the only light coming from his lamp. Dream notices that George's eyes look different like this, in the yellow artificial light. They almost look golden at times. He huffs out a content sigh and continues to chew on the gummy worm he had picked out of his bowl.

"I really am sorry, you know. You probably don't want to hear about it anymore, but it's gonna



keep bothering me until I say this. I had a good time tonight, I'll be honest, but I still couldn't stop thinking about the fact that I left you here alone. Mostly because I—" He stops himself, biting his cheek, wanting to choose his words carefully. "Well, you know why. I just don't want either of us to feel that way ever again, and knowing that you might've felt that way tonight because of me, it really sucks."

"George," Dream sighs, resting his bowl against his knee. "I'm okay, really. I'm just glad you had fun, and plus, you're here now, and we're eating together. As far as I know, no tradition was broken," He smiles at the smaller boy, hoping that his calm voice would make him feel a little better.

"Yeah, okay," George smiles softly, bringing his spoon back to his mouth.

"So you had a good time?" Dream asks.

"Yeah, I have good news, I think," he holds back a smile.

"Oh yeah? What's that?" Dream grins back.

"I have a boyfriend now!"

Dream's smile falters for only a second before, "That's great, George! I'm happy for you."

"Really? Okay, I didn't want things to be, I don't know, weird, I guess. You're okay with him, right? Like if he comes by more often? Or if he spends the night sometimes? I really like him, I just want to make sure you're good with him being here," George rambles on.

Dream watches him, not quite knowing what to say. Sure, he didn't exactly like the guy, but that shouldn't get in the way of George being able to bring him home. Sapnap's 'You don't need to worry, Dream, he can take care of himself,' fills his head.

"I'll completely understand if you don't want—"

"George!" Dream laughs, cutting him off. "This is your home too, you know. Of course he can come by, you shouldn't even have to ask me."

George sighs in relief, a large smile appearing on his face. "Cool."

They've both finished their dessert by now, and are simply enjoying each other's company in silence. It's not until George twists his body to the side to stretch that Dream thinks his ice cream is about to come back up. As George stretches, the neckline of his t-shirt is dragged to the side with him, revealing two circular purple-ish bruises along his collar and the bottom of his neck.

Dream can't explain why, but he genuinely thinks he's going to throw up. He swallows roughly, attempting to clear his throat while continuing to eye the two hickeys on his friend.

"Um, I think it's time for me to get some sleep, actually," he blinks away and hands George his empty bowl. "Thanks for this, though."

"Oh, yeah, totally. Get some rest, dude. Goodnight," George collects the dishes and gives Dream a small wave with a soft smile and exits the room, closing the door behind him.

Once Dream is sure George is far away from his door, he coughs loudly. The sick swirl in the pit of his stomach from earlier returns and Dream wonders if he should go sit in the bathroom in case he actually gets sick. Taking a deep breath, he leans over to turn his lamp off. The darkness of his

room somehow allows his thoughts to get louder as he curls up in a ball under his covers.

The thought of George and Lucas doing whatever it was they were doing tonight makes the angry swirl in his stomach even more violent, and Dream absolutely hates himself for it. He's never had this problem before, never thought any different of George because of who he was into. Although, this was the first time George had ever had a boyfriend, the first time he had come home in the middle of the night with hickeys on his neck.

Despite being hidden underneath his warm sheets, Dream shivers at the thought. The image of the reddish-purple bruises is carved into his mind, and he hates it. He feels disgusted, both at whatever his roommate had been up to tonight and at himself. He wants to yell at himself for being so uncomfortable, but he can't help but fall asleep that night while the swirl is still there, pushing and pulling at his insides.

## Chapter End Notes

fellas is it gay to stare into your roommate's eyes in the dark while sharing ice cream on your bed that he made you as an apology for ditching a tradition that you guys have had since a month after he moved in? lol anyway new character! mia! she and her past "relationship" with dream will be brought up a few times in the future!! and some flashbacks! and some supportive sapnap! yay!  
this fics playlist made by me can be found on spotify [here](#)!  
also!! university has started back up for me so i'll be trying to go for one chapter every sunday but that might not always be the case! as always, kudos' and comments are appreciated and thank you for all the love so far!

# #1 Patches Artist

## Chapter Summary

Dream walks in on something he wishes he didn't. George has some trouble falling asleep.

## Chapter Notes

university is kicking my ass, sorry this took so long. there's a small bit of george pov in here. it's a little messy but please enjoy nonetheless <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next few days are a blur for Dream. Despite him still feeling awful about himself for the way he reacted to accidentally discovering George's hickey, he can't help but still feel that sick swirl somewhere inside of him. There are some moments where it's stronger than others, but it always remains there.

George wasn't joking about having Lucas over more often, and it's driving Dream insane. He knows that he swore he was fine with it, reassured George that this was his home and he could do as he pleased, but if what happened tonight was going to be a weekly thing, he was definitely regretting being so enthusiastic about the idea.

It had been a long day for Dream. He was reluctantly put in charge of making breakfast, George claiming he was too exhausted from being on the phone and working all night to make anything for them. It didn't help that breakfast was what Dream was worst at, and he would never admit this to George, but he certainly considered slipping out the front door and running to the cafe down the street while his roommate was still asleep. He didn't, of course, because George would be able to tell in a heartbeat. So Dream did his best with what he had. He prepared them some yogurt with granola and berries and called it a day.

His tiresome day didn't stop there, though. Patches had an appointment soon after breakfast, and then he was stuck driving to an ominous, faraway warehouse where he had put some computer parts on hold, and because he's been doing a poor job at picking up his phone whenever she called, he stopped to visit his mother. It wasn't his intention to stay there for so long, but before he could protest, the woman had started cooking dinner and insisted that he stayed. Dream sent a quick message to George, warning him that he probably wouldn't be home for a while

*gonna have dinner at my moms, everything okay?*

*no worries, i'm keeping myself busy. tell her i say hi and that i miss her :D*

Dream smiled and placed his phone onto the table. "George says hi. He misses you."

"Sweet boy," she hummed. "You should bring him around here more often, we don't see each other enough."

“You know you could always stop by our place, right?”

“I know, I know. I just don’t want to get in the way,” she placed a warm pot of pasta in the centre of the table and scooped the food into Dream’s bowl.

“You could never,” he grinned.

He had a good rest of the night, laughing at shared stories about his siblings and George and Sapnap. It wasn’t long before he was hugging his mother goodbye and wishing her goodnight. Exhausted, Dream got back into his car and started his ride home.

Despite the long day he had just endured, nothing could have prepared him for what was waiting for him back home.

It was pretty late, and Dream had feared that George was either on a call with a client or asleep somewhere, so he carefully pushed open the front door as quietly as he could. Slipping into the kitchen and tossing the sweater he was wearing onto a chair, he could hear the faint sound of the television coming from the other room. It seemed George wasn’t as busy as Dream had initially thought.

Boy, was he wrong.

Dream made his way into the room, noticing that the only light in the room was coming from the television. His eyes followed the dim trail of light over to the couch, where he could see two figures, leaning into each other, lips attached. It only took him a few seconds to realize that he had definitely walked in on something he shouldn’t have.

He was frozen in place. What was he supposed to do? It’s not like he could just go to his room and act like he never saw them, he had to move past the couch in order to get to the hallway, they would obviously see him. It was too late to go back out somewhere and wait for Lucas to leave. He truly only had one option.

Dream coughs, “Uh, God. Er- Sorry.”

George and Lucas quickly separate, George’s eyes wide with embarrassment. “Dream, We- I- Sorry, I didn’t- I thought you wouldn’t be home for a bit longer.”

“No, no. It’s fine. I’ll- Uh... I’m gonna be in my room,” he flashes the two his most painfully awkward smile as he stuffs his hands into the pockets of his jeans and makes his way towards his bedroom.

About 10 minutes have passed before George frantically comes barging into Dream’s room, cheeks flushed and hands waving.

“Dude, I am *so* sorry. I swear, I didn’t think you’d get home so fast, the drive from your moms usually takes an hour and a half,” he moves to sit on the edge of his bed.

“No traffic today,” Dream scratches the back of his neck. “But really, George, it’s fine. I probably should’ve been louder when I came in as a warning. Plus, I told you that you can have people over whenever, so...”

George stares into the others green eyes, searching for some sort of sign of discomfort or resentment. Dream must do a pretty good job at hiding just how uncomfortable the situation had made him because George eventually smiles briefly and looks away.

“How’s Lucas? I mean, is he alright after...” Dream trails off. He’s not even sure why he brings the other man up, but he almost feels like he’s obligated to.

“Oh, he’s fine. He laughed it off, no big deal.”

Dream nodded, pulling on a loose thread from his bedsheets.

“I really like him, Dream. The last time I felt this way about someone, it- Well, it didn’t really work out, I guess,” George watches his friend, who is now tracing over the pattern of his sheets with his long fingers.

“That’s good, George,” he says softly. “M a little sleepy, might get some rest now if that’s okay.”

“Yeah, yeah, of course. You’ve had a long day. Goodnight, Clay,” George doesn’t get up just yet.

“Night, Georgie,” Dream mumbles, leaning over and flicking his lamp off before turning over to face the wall.

The smaller boy sits still on the edge of the bed, watching him. He notices the soft rise and fall of his chest, the way he can still make out his long lashes even in the dark, the way his arms snake around the pillow next to him, holding it tight.

It doesn’t take long until Dream is fully asleep, George feeling only slightly guilty for sitting here in the dark, observing all the small things about him that he didn’t get to see very often. Dream was usually loud, he could be clingy and disruptive, but never in a bad way, more in the way that made George look at him like he wasn’t sure how he ended up becoming the blond’s best friend, but he was so thrilled that he did.

Now, sound asleep, cuddling into his own pillow, George thinks Dream looks soft, gentle, like any slight movement could break him. It’s a rare sight. The dark room is quiet enough that George can hear small breaths coming from the boy, and he smiles.

George looks at Dream and he smiles. George looks at Dream and he thinks about the last time he felt the way he feels about Lucas for someone else.

George sighs, finally rising from the bed, careful not to wake his sleeping friend. He stands at the door, giving a last glance to the boy before softly tip-toeing away.

That night, George dreams of long tan fingers interlocked with his pale ones. He dreams of strong arms wrapped around him, pulling him as close as humanly possible. He dreams of warm hands cupping his face, soft lips being placed on his own, moving in sync. He dreams that his only reason for being brought into this world was to stand here kissing the other man, as his small hands move to rest in messy blond hair.

When George wakes up multiple times during the night, he tries to convince himself that his tired and clouded mind is betraying him, doing nothing but bringing up unwanted memories of past and faded feelings. No matter how many times he tries, each time he drifts off back to sleep, his dreams are filled with the same few scenes; moving mouths and soft hands. He reminds himself that he has no control over what does and doesn’t make its way into his dreams.

What he does have control over, though, is when it’s 5 in the morning and he’s finally given up on getting a good night’s sleep, and all he can think about is the way his roommate wrapped his arms around his pillow tightly while drifting off to sleep. All he can think about is how 4 months ago he would find himself in situations exactly like this, wide awake wondering what it would be like to be held by the sleeping man in the other room, to have the taller body completely encapsulate his

smaller one as they fell asleep.

But no, no. That was 4 months ago. That was when George had decided things would be better off; less complicated, if he kept those late-night thoughts to himself, hidden in the back of his mind. That was when George vowed to himself that he would put whatever feelings that had been mustering up in his heart aside and move on. That was before he met Lucas.

---

Dream wakes up to an empty apartment and a note from George on their shared bulletin board announcing that he had left to grab some groceries he needed for dinner tonight. He smiles and rubs his eyes, scanning over the other things hanging from the board, pulling off a few notes that were no longer useful.

He stifles a laugh when his eyes meet two drawings of Patches and thinks back to one of the nights he and George had gotten so bored that they decided to hold a contest to find out who could draw the cat better. Dream had clearly won, they both knew it, but that didn't stop Dream from quickly crafting a paper medal that claimed George was the "#1 Patches Artist" and taping it to his shirt. It was stupid and useless, but it made George giggle, and that's really all that mattered to Dream.

Dream was realizing a lot lately how much George's happiness mattered to him.

An hour later, Dream is sat on the couch scrolling through Twitter when he hears the front door open. He can't see George, but he can hear him kick off his shoes and let out a heavy sigh as he places plastic bags onto the kitchen table.

"Welcome back," he looks up to see George in the doorway, looking exhausted. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. All good," he mumbles, waving it off. "Just tired, didn't sleep much," George ends up beside Dream on the couch, dramatically placing his head on his shoulder.

"No? Any reason?"

"Just some bad dreams, no big deal," George's eyes close and he brings his knees to his chest.

Dream watches him closely. "If you want- You can lie down if you want, like," he runs out of words to say, glancing down at his lap hoping George understands his offer.

"You sure?" George yawns as he removes his head from Dream's shoulder.

"Yeah man, you're exhausted," Dream starts. "Come 'ere," he mumbles.

George gives his friend a lazy grin, eyes still half-closed from lack of sleep, and readjusts his position so that his head is resting on Dream's lap, his legs extended out.

Dream's hand quickly makes its way to George's hair, softly twirling strands between his fingers. He uses his free hand to continue browsing Twitter.

"You're sure everything's alright?" Dream asks.

"M sure, just sleepy. Plus, some old lady took forever to pay for her stuff. Pissed me off," George muttered.

Dream hums in response, making sure George was still comfortable. They had been in this place before, George using Dream's lap as a pillow while Dream played with the brunet strands of hair to put him to sleep. They had been in place plenty of times, but not recently, not since George had announced he wanted to try dating, not since George had met Lucas.

Part of Dream felt dirty; like he shouldn't have been the one to initiate the situation, like he should have let George wander off to his own room and fall asleep in his own bed, instead of here on their living room sofa in Dream's lap.

*It made sense*, Dream has to convince himself. George had mentioned having bad dreams, so maybe he didn't even want to sleep in his own bed right now. George had been the one to put his head on his shoulder, so technically this wasn't his fault. George had planted the seed, and sure, maybe Dream watered it, but he only did it out of pure concern for his roommate. *It made sense, no need to keep dwelling on it.*

When Dream eventually reaches his own conclusion, he peers down to examine a sleeping George who is letting out soft breaths every few seconds. Dream smiles at how easily George's hair wraps around his fingers, he takes in George's pale skin that is littered with soft and barely noticeable freckles, he admires the way his long lashes rest on his face.

Suddenly his smile falters and his hand stops moving; because the stupid, vicious swirl has returned to his stomach and Dream thinks he's going to be sick again. He does his best to ignore it, to try and act like it isn't there. He tells himself that maybe if he doesn't acknowledge it, if he doesn't try to figure out what it means, then maybe it can't hurt him.

So Dream does just that. He forces his mind to forget about the tug of war happening in his stomach and instead leans back into the sofa and closes his eyes.

Sure, maybe it was only noon, but that definitely wasn't going to stop the two men from cuddling into each other and taking a much-needed nap on their shared couch.

And sure, maybe George wakes up first and realizes the man above him has also drifted off, but no one needed to know about that other than George. So he quickly reminds himself for the second time that his past feelings had been tucked away and forgotten for months now, and drifts back off to sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

i missed you guys :[ i have a week off school coming up so hopefully i'll be able to get some writing done during that time!!

i've also made a twitter (@ SAYITFIRST) so come be friends (also yes i've changed usernames in case anyone was confused :P)!

comments + kudos are appreciated as always <3 thank you all SO MUCH for the

support so far, it truly means so much to me!!



# Stop Talking

## Chapter Summary

George has had enough. Sapnap suggests a possibility to Dream.

## Chapter Notes

me before starting this: chapter 5 is gonna be a bunch of fluff!

me finishing this: never mind everyone is fighting

this is a lot longer than i set out for it to be, that's my bad, so please forgive me if it's not as edited :D

another warning for internalized homophobia towards the end, also mentions of dream not wanting to eat (i don't know what to tag this as, sorry! but it's only mentioned in like 2 lines). stay safe <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

If there's one thing Dream prides himself on, it's the fact that he doesn't let most things get to him. There have been times where things have bothered him, like when he was hired for a programming gig and only got paid half the amount that was expected, but he never let those moments linger. He'd be angry or upset for a few hours, perhaps even a day, but it was quickly brushed off and forgotten about after that.

Lucas though, Lucas was getting to him, and Dream hated it. He hated coming home to find the man sat on his couch, sipping on beer that Dream had bought for himself. He hated coming home to see George in the kitchen, preparing whatever Lucas had asked for that night. He hated Lucas. Worst of all, he hated himself.

He hated himself for letting Lucas get under his skin, and for lying to George. Dream had mentioned it countless times, that he didn't mind if George had people over, if Lucas spent the night sometimes. But God, did he hate waking up and walking into the kitchen to see the two of them making out against the counter.

What he hated most of all, was that he didn't understand why he hated everything so much.

Understandably, it did suck that he wasn't seeing George as much and that he got to spend less time with him these past few weeks, but he was happy, right? Right.

So Dream ends up reminding himself more and more that George's happiness should matter more than his dislike for George's relationship. He replays Sapnap's words from a few weeks ago in his head over and over. There was no reason to be so upset over this.

But Dream has a hard time hiding his discomfort, and it gets so bad that eventually, George has to confront him about it.

Dream is laying on his bed, messaging someone he was currently in the middle of working with when George had appeared in the doorway.

“Hey, can I come in?”

“Yeah, of course. I thought you guys already went to bed?” Dream questions as George takes a seat across from him.

“Lucas is in bed, I couldn’t sleep though,” George plays with his fingers.

“Everything okay with you two?”

George looks up, raising an eyebrow. “Yeah, we’re good. Are you?”

“Excuse me?”

“Listen, Dream, I don’t mean to come off as annoying or pushy or-”

“You’re not doing that, George.”

“Okay, well, I was just wondering if everything is okay with you?”

“Why wouldn’t things be okay with me?”

“I dunno, these past few days, you’ve acted all weird around me. Lucas noticed it too. I just wanted to make sure we’re all good. Even if it isn’t me and it’s something personal, you know I’m here for you, right?”

“I know that, but I swear everything is fine,” Dream forces a smile.

“And you’ll tell me if something ever *is* wrong, right?”

“Yes, George,” he rolls his eyes.

“Promise?” George leans over, pinky finger in the air waiting patiently.

Dream sighs, laughing. “Really?”

“C’mon, just promise. I care about you, loser.”

“You’re such an idiot,” he says fondly. Dream leans closer to him, intertwining his pinky with the pale one in front of him. He stares down at their hands, realizing how much bigger he is than George.

They stay like that for a moment, probably longer than they should, before George yawns and wishes Dream a goodnight.

Everything should be fine, because Dream had just promised George that things were.

And yet, that Friday afternoon, he snaps.

He should have seen this coming, in all honesty. The week was going by painfully slow, and Lucas had been there every day of it, arms wrapped around George, pressing kisses wherever he pleased. It was aggravating to watch, it made Dream itch, and it made the swirl in his stomach more hostile than ever.

After spending the entire week at the apartment, George was finally saying goodbye to Lucas at the door while Dream was hidden in his room, complaining to Sapnap over the phone.

“I’m not really understanding the problem, dude.”

Dream let out a frustrated groan. “Neither am I, honestly. I’m just annoyed. I mean, he’s here *all* the time. I barely see George anymore without him being attached at the hip. Like, we have this unspoken thing where we both sit in the office and work on our stuff together, right?”

“Sure...?” Sapnap answers.

“Yesterday I walked in to get some shit done, and he was in *my* chair, using *my* computer, and George was just sitting there like it was some extremely normal thing. I didn’t even know what to say so I just played it off like I had forgotten something at my desk and left. I know I sound like an asshole but I hate when I have to see them together.”

There’s a brief silence between the friends, and Dream can hear George closing the front door.

“Sapnap? Hello?”

“Uh, sorry. Look, er- I don’t mean to bring this up out of nowhere but... Do you think there’s some possibility that you’re just jealous? And that’s why you’re reacting like this?”

“Jealous? Of what? The fact that he’s getting laid? I really couldn’t give less of a shit about that.”

“No, you moron. I mean jealous of-”

Dream can see George entering the office, and he quickly cuts Sapnap off. “Hey, thanks for this. I gotta go, you’re still coming by tonight though, yeah?”

“Yeah, I am, but Dream-”

“Awesome, see you!” Dream hangs up. He takes a deep breath and ventures off to the office.

George is there, sitting at his desk, typing furiously. Dream knocks lightly before entering the room and takes a seat at his desk. He can see Lucas had left some notes of whatever he had been working on when he was still here. Dream wants to crumple them up and throw them out. He doesn’t.

“Thought you’d be sleeping in till later,” George mutters, still focusing on his work.

“Nah, I was on the phone with Sapnap for a bit. Lucas went home?” He doesn’t mean to sound so relieved, but he’s sure George picks up on it.

“Um, yeah. He had the week off work, that’s why he was here most of the time,” his typing continues.

“Nice.”

The obvious tension in the room is at an all-time high. Dream peeks over at George, who has stopped typing and instead is staring at the floor.

“I don’t mean to keep pushing this, Dream,” his voice comes out in a whisper, like he’s worried this conversation could break them. “But I’m starting to think you’re lying about being okay with all of this.”

Dream stays silent.

*Say something*, he feels a pull in the pit of his stomach.

*Tell him you're fine, say it's not true*, and then a push, the same one he feels when he sees Lucas and George together, like he's going to vomit any second.

"I mean, we've all noticed it. You act like a dick whenever Lucas is around. I don't know if it's intentional or something but it needs to stop. Unless you know something I don't, like you have a reason for being such an asshole lately, it's really starting to get on my nerves," George's tone is harsher now and he still hasn't looked up from the floor.

*This is a nightmare. Apologize, Goddammit.*

"You think I don't see the looks you give him? Give *us*? I see it all, Clay. So really, just tell me, what the *fuck* is your problem lately?" George finally meets his eyes, his face is pale and eyebrows furrowed.

*Do something. Anything.*

"George, listen, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you so upset. I guess I just didn't realize how much PDA I was going to be seeing when I said you could have him over whenever. I'm not used to it," Dream knows it's the wrong thing to say, he knows it makes him sound like even more of a revolting asshole, but he doesn't have time to think when George is looking at him like he's about to crack.

Another thing that Dream lets get to him; George, apparently.

"Are you serious right now? I know you like to block out the first few months of when I lived here, but you can't keep pretending that you've never done anything wrong. Do you think I enjoyed hearing Mia sneak in and out of the apartment in the middle of the night? Do you think I wanted to sit and watch you two act like whatever the fuck you were doing didn't mean anything? I didn't, but I sat there and put up with it anyway. I gave you advice when you weren't sure what you wanted anymore. I didn't complain or give either of you disgusted looks. So what makes you think you can sit here and tell me that you're being such a dick because 'you're not used to it'?"

*Mia, of course, he had to mention Mia.*

"I'm sorry," Dream sighs, closing his eyes, wishing he was anywhere else right now. "You're right. I shouldn't be complaining. I've just had a weird week, I really am sorry."

"That's all you've got? Even after the countless times I came to you to ask if you were bothered by any of it, and you said you weren't, you think you can play it off as having a weird week?"

"George, please--"

"Whatever, I'm done with this conversation," without another word, George rises from his chair and walks out of the office.

A few seconds pass, and then Dream can hear a door slam.

*well that couldn't have gone worse*, he texts to Sapnap.

*do u need me to come earlier?*

*yes pls :(*

*i'll try to be there in an hour or so*

The three of them were supposed to have one of their classic guy nights, just a ton of pizza and bad movies that they could have meaningless conversations over. Something told Dream that George probably wasn't going to be up for that tonight.

His predictions are correct when half an hour later, Dream is sitting in the living room with Patches and catches George hastily making his way to the front door.

"You're going out?" He knows it's none of his business, especially after the argument they just had, but he can't stop himself.

"Not that you need to know, but yes. Some of Lucas' friends invited me out, and I think I need to get out of this apartment anyway," George still won't look at him.

"Do you know when you'll be back?" Dream asks softly.

"Probably not until a lot later. Tell Sap I say hey," George grabs his wallet from the table and is exiting the apartment before Dream can say anything else.

Dream wants to get up and go after him. He wants to drag him back into their living room and air out everything that happened this morning. He wants to beg him to stay and watch shitty movies with him and Sapnap. But George needs to cool off, they both did, so perhaps this space was needed for a bit.

Sapnap calls quickly, telling Dream that traffic was horrible and that it would be a while before he got there.

That meant Dream was going to have to sit in silence with his own thoughts for a dangerously long time. He notices the swirl is back before swiftly deciding to ignore it, as he had been doing so often this past week.

Seeing George look through him today, a blank stare and pale face, so close to snapping, he never wanted to experience it again. They had fought before, obviously, but this felt different than the others. This time, Dream wasn't sure how either of them would come back from the things they said.

Sure, Dream was sure George would come home and eventually act like things were okay, but he worried that was all it would ever be. An act. The idea of losing George because Dream had made the mistake of taking out his confusing feelings on the wrong person made Dream feel closer to throwing up than the stupid stomach swirl ever did.

Minutes tick by and Dream starts to feel like he's wasting away. Even when Patches attempts to get him to play with her, he doesn't feel motivated enough to move his arms. It isn't until he can picture Sapnap yelling at him to stop drowning in his own sorrow that he grabs his phone and decides he might as well get a head start on ordering food.

In all honesty, his appetite has completely vanished. He thinks even looking at food right now would make his stomach churn, but he hears Sapnap in his head again, whining about how his friend needed to eat *something* instead of dragging himself around the apartment for hours.

Sapnap and the food arrive around the same time, and within minutes the kitchen table is overflowing with cardboard boxes filled with pizza and hot wings.

“There’s no way we’re finishing this,” Dream puts his hands on his hips, backing up to look over the display of food.

“Speak for yourself,” Sappnap grabs a paper plate and begins to pile multiple slices of pizza onto it, leaving a space for his wings. Patches moves to sit at his feet and he smiles.

“Traitor,” Dream mumbles, still looking at the table.

“Eat something, please. I don’t wanna have to hear you mope while you’re on an empty stomach, that’ll make it even worse,” Sappnap tries to joke, but it only gets a small huff out of Dream as he finally reaches for a plate and adds a few slices and wings to it.

Both grab water bottles from the refrigerator and move to the living room sofa, Patches following closely behind.

They spend a few minutes debating back and forth on what movie to start out the night with, ultimately deciding on Ghostbusters. Sappnap had watched the entire series once or twice, and Dream had gone through a period of time where it was one of the films he would have on repeat whenever he was bored. The perfect movie to mindlessly speak over.

They sat in silence at first. Dream’s eyes focused on the television, watching and smiling at the classic intro that he remembered so easily. Sappnap instead focused on his friend, eyeing his weak movements, making sure he was actually eating the food he had reluctantly put on his plate.

The movie continues on, the only other sounds in the room being awkward chewing and the occasional meow from Patches. Sappnap can’t stand it.

“So are you gonna tell me what happened today?” Sappnap asks, still watching the movie.

“Don’t really wanna talk about it,” Dream mutters.

“Well I do,” Sappnap bites the inside of his cheek. “Because it’s clearly bothering you, and I think maybe telling me about it would help.”

Dream sighs, placing his plate onto the small table in front of them. He throws his head back into the couch, staring into the ceiling. “I don’t even know man, it all happened so fast and I just needed to say *something*, you know?”

“Why? What was George saying?”

“He was going on about how much of an asshole I’ve been to him and Lucas lately, and it’s not like I could deny it, because he was totally right to be pissed off, so I told him I wasn’t used to seeing so much PDA. Which is *such* a stupid thing to say, because why should I give a fuck, you know?”

Sappnap silently agrees, letting his friend continue.

“And then he brought up the whole Mia thing, and how he never acted like this when she and I were fooling around. He said he never complained about any of it and gave me advice and shit even when he didn’t want to, which hurt like hell to hear,” Dream tugs on the sleeves on his hoodie, something he did when he got nervous or stressed.

Sappnap notices and decides that maybe cutting Dream off is the best thing to do right now.

“I’m sure he didn’t mean it like that. You guys were both upset, just sayin’ whatever, ya know?”

he suggests.

“Still hurt like a bitch.”

“Yeah, well, I’m sure George would say the same thing if I told him that you didn’t mean to be such an asshole.”

Dream laughs lightly, and Sapnap feels like maybe they’re getting somewhere. Maybe he’s one step closer to asking Dream the question that’s been on his mind since this whole George and Lucas situation had begun.

“How do you always know the right thing to say?” Dream turns his head to look at him.

“Because I’m literally perfect,” he takes another bite of his pizza, smiling.

“In your dreams, moron.”

The night goes on, still no word on when George is planning to get back. The movie goes from Ghostbusters, to the last High School Musical; because Sapnap insists it’s the only good one, to Zoolander, to The Princess Diaries, and finally ends with Back to the Future.

Dream barks out a laugh when he realizes they still have half the wings and an entire pizza left, claiming he knew Sapnap wouldn’t actually be able to finish it all.

“Yeah, yeah. At least I did better than you,” he lightly knocks Dream’s shoulder with his own. “So, uh, can I ask you about something before I head out?”

“‘Course, What’s up?” Dream begins to clean up boxes and toss out used napkins.

“Well, the thing is, this whole week; and even before that, you call me and tell me about how bothered you are by all this shit with George, right?”

Dream continues maneuvering around the kitchen, giving a slight nod with a raised eyebrow, not exactly sure where Sapnap could be going with this.

“You talk about how you’re stomach hurts when you see them, or how you think you’re gonna be sick whenever you have to listen to George talk about Lucas, or how you don’t know exactly why, but you can’t stand seeing Lucas lounging around the apartment or when he’s attached to George. So I was just wondering if maybe-”

“Are you about to ask me if I’m homophobic or something? Because you know I’m not.” Dream angrily states.

“No! No, you dumbass, I know you aren’t. What I’m trying to ask is... Well, I’m wondering if there’s some chance that you may be jealous? Not over the fact that George is getting laid, or that he’s in a relationship and you aren’t, but over the fact that it’s... Not you in the relationship with him?”

Dream’s frantic movements come to a halt. “What?”

“Listen, okay? Just hear me out. It just kinda- It makes sense, with how you’ve been acting and shit, right? Like, have you ever thought about that? The possibility that the reason you’ve been so upset since George started dating is that maybe it’s always felt like you two were already in some sort of relationship and now Lucas is here instead?”

“Stop.”

“C’mon, Dream, think about it. You two do everything together, you work together, eat together, *live* together. You guys literally take care of Patches like you adopted her together, I’ve seen it.”

“Nick, stop talking.”

“Dream-”

“I don’t like him like that. I don’t like guys.”

“It wouldn’t be a bad thing if you did, you know that, right?” Sapnap’s tone has softened, realizing that perhaps he crossed a line.

“Can you just go, please?” Dream hasn’t directly looked at him since the conversation started.

“Yeah, yeah. Sorry,” he hastily collects his things and moves to open the front door. “I’m here for you, Clay. Whenever you need me, okay?”

He waits patiently until he can see Dream nod slightly, still looking at the floor.

“Night, get some rest soon,” and with that Sapnap leaves the apartment.

---

George still wasn’t home, and Dream knew he wasn’t falling asleep anytime soon, so he went to the one place he knew would be able to calm him down.

The roof of their apartment building was surprisingly cozy. When residents of the building had initially started putting their extra patio chairs up there, the landlord wasn’t exactly happy with it. Eventually, he came around and allowed the tenants to put whatever they wanted up there as long as it stayed clean and didn’t get too crowded.

Dream opens the door to the roof and lets out a sigh of relief when he notices no one else was up there with him. One of the perks of being awake at two in the morning. The fairy lights hanging from the walls lit up part of the area, the small lanterns on the floor lighting up the rest. Someone in the building had taken it upon themselves to start a small garden in the corner. George always told Dream that they should try and start their own.

He drags his feet over to the railing, leaning against it and looking out onto the street.

Sapnap’s voice hasn’t left his head since he watched him leave the apartment. Dream hates him for it. The line ‘It makes sense’ replays over and over again. Dream wants to scream.

*No, Sapnap, he wants to say. It doesn’t make sense, because I’ve never been interested in guys, and*



*I've definitely never been interested in George.*

The sound of the rooftop door opening and shutting pulls Dream out of his internal battle and he assumes it's another tenant who's having trouble falling asleep tonight, until...

"I figured you'd be up here," George announces.

Dream hangs his head, sighing. "You came home," it isn't a question, more of a statement, more of Dream trying to wrap his head around the idea that maybe he didn't completely fuck things up.

"Of course I did," George moves beside him, resting his back against the railing.

"George, I'm so fucking sorry. You were right. I didn't mean what I said, about not being used to it or something. I panicked and I- It slipped and I wish I could take it back," Dream sounds out of breath.

"It's okay, calm down," he reaches over to rub Dream's back, deciding to ignore the way he flinches under his touch.

"It's just- It got so late and I hadn't heard from you and I thought you just weren't going to come back."

"You thought I was just going to leave? What, and leave Patches with you? No way, she would go insane without me," he giggles.

Dream laughs too, and it feels nice.

"You deserve an apology too, actually. That stuff about Mia, I shouldn't have said all that. It wasn't true. I know how much you two meant to each other, how hard it was to call off your *thing* after a while. I'm always gonna be here when you need someone to talk to, I just want to make sure you understand that."

Dream finally looks up at him and smiles softly. He snuffles and wipes his eye while George huffs.

"You don't need to cry, you idiot. Come here."

George pulls him into a hug. George's head rests on his chest, while Dream's head rests on top of George's. They stay that way for what feels like hours until Dream can hear the smaller man's stomach rumble.

"Hungry?" Dream pulls away.

"Yeah, didn't realize how fancy Lucas's friends were. High-class food sucks, by the way," George giggles.

"Lucky for you, Sapnap and I ordered way too much for ourselves."

George smiles brightly. Dream wishes he could convince himself to look away.

"Rooftop picnic? Please? It's been too long since the last one," George pleads.

"Of course."

Within minutes, Dream and George have gathered the leftovers from the refrigerator and are back up on the roof, sitting at one of the many tables scattered around the area.

George is chewing on some pizza while joking about his night and Dream finds himself thinking back to the night George brought the messy bowls of ice cream into his room. He remembers how golden his eyes looked then, illuminated by the orange-yellow artificial light. Dream thinks they look like that now, too, maybe even prettier.

He's pulled from his thoughts when the brunet starts coughing violently, reaching to chug his water down.

"You dick," he breathes. "You could have told me those were hot wings."

Dream lets out a harsh wheeze, gripping onto the table to keep from falling over.

"Yeah, yeah, laugh. Fuckin' prick," George rolls his eyes, accent thick. "How was your night, then?"

Dream pauses and swallows, trying to find the right words. "It was alright."

"Just alright?" George raises an eyebrow.

"Same as usual, we missed you."

"Awwh, Dreamie! I missed you guys, too," He clasps his hands together and flutters his long eyelashes.

"Alright, enough. Eat your damn food," Dream waves him off, laughing. "Don't call me that ever again, my God."

"What, so you can call me Georgie even when I say I hate it, but I can't call you Dreamie?"

"See, there's a difference between the two."

"And what's that?"

"I know that you secretly love when I call you Georgie, isn't that right?" Dream smirks.

George's face flushes almost instantly, earning another loud wheeze from the blond. "Shut up, that's not true."

"Whatever you say, Georgie."

For the first time in weeks, the swirl in Dream's stomach is tame, content. Dream is happy.

## Chapter End Notes

sapnap really said "r u guys lgbt or something" ... someone get him outta this mess immediately

thank you so much for the continued support! comments are so appreciated i love reading them :]

follow my twitter @ SAYITFIRST and the [spotify playlist](#)!

see you soon :D



# Four in the Morning

## Chapter Summary

Dream creates a mental list of all the things that get to him, but there's one thing on there that bothers him so much more than anything else.

## Chapter Notes

here take some fluff i'm sorry i've been gone for ages

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was a very long period of time throughout Dream's life where he swore he was the most relaxed person on the planet. Growing up, Sapnap would poke fun at him, telling him that he always acted like maybe he was trying too hard to act like things weren't on the verge of falling apart.

Dream has always been the unbothered one, the one who doesn't hold grudges, the one who calms everyone else down, the one who saves everyone else from overthinking.

That mindset lasted for 21 years, and now it's come tumbling down in the matter of a few weeks. It started out small, bothered by George texting during dinner or leaving the room to answer a call in the middle of a movie. And then it had gotten bigger, because obviously Dream couldn't stand seeing the tall, dark-haired man lounging around his apartment for days. And so it went from annoyance to pure anger, and he still couldn't explain why.

Sapnap, for what might be the first time in his life, was no help. Dream was sure of that. All he had done the other night was come by, eat his food, watch some shitty movies, assume something completely bizarre about Dream, and then leave.

This wasn't Dream. Dream didn't get angry at his roommate, he didn't reject his best friend's advice, he didn't let a random guy who had only been around for a few weeks get under his skin. Dream didn't let things get to him, right?

Wrong, because that list was growing far too fast for his liking. What used to be seen as a completely blank list of things he let bother him, was now filled with things he never thought he'd have to add. It starts with Lucas, obviously, and then continues on to mention George when he gets upset, and then lists some very particular traits that he's really only ever seen in Lucas, like how he takes his socks off to prop his feet up on the table, or how never fully finishes the liquid in his glass at dinner.

As of this evening, 7:02 p.m. to be exact, he adds 'George crying' to the mental list, because he's sitting in the office when he hears doors open and shut before soft sobs can be heard from his walls, and Dream doesn't think anything has ever bothered him more than this.

Seconds pass before Dream is knocking at the bedroom door, silently hoping George allows him to

enter.

“C’me in,” George sniffs.

When he pushes the door open, Dream immediately moves beside the smaller man who is completely wrapped up in his blankets, head turned away from the blond.

“Hey,” Dream stares at the lump of blankets that completely consume his friend. He wants to reach out, wants to rub George’s back gently until his sobs die out and he falls asleep. He doesn’t.

George only hiccups in response, attempting to bury himself deeper into his comforter.

“Hey, Georgie,” Dream says again. “Can you talk to me? Tell me what happened.”

George sniffs again, managing to roll over and look at Dream. Dream can feel his heart sting. George’s eyes are red and puffy, his face is flushed and his lips are bitten red.

“Oh, George... What happened?”

“Broke up,” he mumbles. “Over.”

The words don’t process in Dream’s brain at first and he refrains from asking George to repeat himself, so he sits there for a few seconds working out what he must have said. When it eventually hits him, he feels like punching something, Lucas preferably.

“God, George, I’m sorry. Hey, it’s gonna be alright, okay? Do you need anything? Tea maybe? Or I can run out to that donut place you like, they’re probably still open and if I leave now-”

“Clay,” George stops him. “Can you just stay here with me for a bit? I really don’t wanna be alone right now.”

Using Dream’s real name was rare for George. He only ever really used it when they weren’t getting along; when George couldn’t think before he spoke and would angrily let it slip out of his mouth in a harsh tone. Hearing it now, voice soft and trembling, Dream liked it so much more than the other times it had been said.

“Yeah, yeah. Of course I can. Should I just...”

Without another word, George quickly unwrapped himself from the blankets, scooting over to make room for the taller man to lie down.

“Right, okay...” Dream sighs under his breath, eventually getting into a comfortable position as he slots himself next to George.

Silence quickly falls over them, George’s back turned away from Dream who stares up at the ceiling. He was just grateful that George’s violent sobs had come to a halt. Seeing him this way hurt him more than expected.

Dream wants to do more, he wants to find some way to help that isn’t just lying here saying nothing. Breakups suck, he knew that well. So if he could do anything at all to comfort George right now, he wanted to.

“Georgie, hey,” Dream rolls over to face him. “Seriously, can I get you anything? Lying here isn’t going to take your mind off of things, let’s do something.”

There’s another moment of silence before George turns over to look at Dream.

“I don’t ever wanna move again,” George sighs, brown eyes meeting green ones.

“C’mon you idiot,” Dream teases. “Let’s go play Minecraft or something, you should be up doing stuff.” Dream makes an attempt to untangle himself from George’s messy bedsheets and leave, but George quickly pulls him back into him.

“Stay, just for a bit longer. Cryin’ makes me sleepy,” the short boy mumbles, leaning his head into the blond’s chest and tangling their legs together as if it was the simplest thing in the world.

To Dream, it wasn’t simple at all. It was quite complicated, actually. It really shouldn’t be such a big deal, lying here with George snuggled against him, soft breaths hitting his chest, Dream’s arms hesitantly wrapping around the small torso. They had technically cuddled before, all those times taking naps together on the couch, or when George would take the seat Dream had originally claimed as his own and instead of arguing about it; they would settle on just sitting *very* close together, the occasional head resting on a shoulder. This was different, though.

This wasn’t on a sofa or because they were being stubborn. This was in George’s bed, limbs laced together, sheets covering them almost completely. This was because George wanted to; because George had pulled him so close. Closer than they had probably ever been.

It should make Dream uncomfortable, he should want to push George off of him and convince him to just get out of bed, he should tell George he had stuff he was working on in the office to get back to. He doesn’t do any of it.

He knows he should be doing all those things and more, and the weird feeling in his stomach should probably be seen as some sort of sign that this was a bad idea, but he stays there. He stays laying in George’s disaster of a bed, covered in sheets, holding onto the shorter boy who seems to have fallen asleep whilst Dream was having his internal battle.

Dream tilts his head down, briefly acknowledging how delicate his friend looks like this. Finally, he allows his eyes to shut, pulls George in a little closer to rest his head on top of his, and drifts off to sleep.

Before fully falling into his slumber, he realizes his stomach has now settled and decides maybe this wasn’t such a bad thing after all. He also decides that Lucas is a total idiot.

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The immediate regret fills both of them when they wake up. Not because of the intimate position they fall asleep in; which is never discussed, but because of the fact that it’s now four in the morning and they’re both wide awake.

“I swear this isn’t my fault,” George rolls over to check the time displayed on his phone.

“You’re such a liar,” Dream laughed. “You’re the one who insisted I should lay down instead of getting out of bed like I told you to.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” he yawns and turns back over to Dream, a small smile on his face as he scans over the other man’s face.

“What are you looking at?”

“Nothing. Thanks for staying.”

“You asked me to.”

“Yeah, I thought you might’ve left after I fell asleep.”

A fond smile is plastered on Dream’s face as he shakes his head slightly against a pillow. This was nice.

“Let’s do something,” George decides.

“Now? It’s four in the morning and you want to do something instead of at seven when I first asked you?”

“I was tired then, I’ve got some energy now. Come on,” George knocks his knee against Dream’s lightly.

“What the hell are we gonna do?”

“I dunno. You said we could play Minecraft.”

“You’re really about to make me play Minecraft at four in the morning?”

“Like it would be the first time,” George rolls his eyes.

“Oh shut up,” Dream briefly squints at his friend, making sure he’s serious, before pushing bedsheets off of him and rising from the bed. He looks back at George who is still lying down, smiling up at him. “Well?”

“You *love* me,” George giggles.

“I- What?”

“You love me so much that you’re gonna play Minecraft with me at four in the morning because I just got dumped and we’re both awake and *you love me*.”

Dream knows he’s teasing him, it’s quite obvious. George’s voice has the same tone as when he teases him after losing in Mario Kart. It’s extremely clear that this is all part of some stupid bit, and yet Dream knows his eyes are wide with panic and can feel his ears go red and quicker than ever and now his stomach is hurting again.

“Just get up, loser, or else I’m not playing shit.”

“Awh, *Clay loves me!*” George finally lifts himself off his bed and walks down the hall, leaving Dream standing alone in his bedroom. “Hurry it up!”

It’s the use of his name again that catches him off guard, that leaves him standing there with a dizzy head for a second. This time the tone isn’t angry, nor sad, but is filled with tenderness. It

makes his stomach restless.

“Dream, come on!” He calls from the office.

“Start my computer up for me,” Dream finally peaks his head into the room. “I’m making tea, you want?”

“Mmm, yes please, Dreamie.”

And, okay, maybe Dream had previously convinced himself that he hated that nickname, but now; paired with George’s groggy voice and fluttering eyelashes, perhaps it isn’t so bad.

Dream simply nods and heads for the kitchen. It was a smart idea, making tea, and hopefully it would get them tired a little faster so they wouldn’t completely fuck up their sleep schedules.

The tall man waits patiently for the water to boil, staring at the two empty mugs. He wishes it didn’t happen, wishes anything else came to mind at the moment, but Sapnap’s words from previous days fill his head.

He can hear his best friend tell him just how domestic he and George act around each other, how they quite literally do everything together. For the first time, Dream realizes that there’s some truth behind those accusations.

Sapnap wasn’t wrong, Dream and George were practically attached at the hip. Dream would refuse to go to sleep on days where George had late-night business calls. George would only start eating the popcorn once Dream had sat down with him to watch movies. They took care of Patches as if she was adopted by both of them.

It hits Dream like a truck- No, a bulldozer, the possibility that if Sapnap was right about one thing he said that’s night, what else could he be right about?

But no, there was no way his best friend could understand his feelings easier than Dream could. There was no way he could place Dream’s sexuality before he had any idea he was anything other than straight.

Then again, maybe he could. Maybe it was easier to read from an outside point of view, to look at him and watch how he behaves.

Dream hates that thought, hates the idea of people looking at him; watching him interact with others, and being able to read and understand everything about him, things he didn’t even know himself. The urge to scream at Sapnap is back, he wants to ask him why he ever brought this up, why he even thought to mention it to Dream. He’s sure he knows the answer, that Sapnap really was just looking out for Dream, but it still made him furious.

The kettle is ringing in his ears. He wants to cry. He wants to yell. He wants to know why his stomach has felt the way it has for weeks now, why that stupid swirl came and went all the time. He wants to ask George what’s going on; if he could help somehow. He wants to grab Sapnap by the shoulders and shake him and just ask *why*.

Dream pulls out his phone and rubs his eyes, clicking onto his conversation with Sapnap and scrolling through the copious amounts of missed and ignored texts from his best friend.

*dream*



*i'm sorry okay?*

*please don't be mad*

*i just thought it was something worth bringing up*

*please just talk to me man*

*hi*

*i'm here for u*

*hope ur doing okay <3*

*love u clay*

*hey*

*i was out of line and i realize that now*

*text me whenever*

*miss u*

Fuck.

Before Dream can think about anything else, he's moving to the family room to escape the loud ring of the tea kettle and is dialling Sapnap's number. The line only gets one ring out before his friend's voice fills his ears.

"Clay? Fuck, I thought you were dead. I was gonna text your mom or George or something," he sounds like he's only just woken up, and it's then that Dream remembers where he is. He remembers that it's four something in the morning and George is waiting for him down the hall.

"Sap..." It comes out in a whisper.

"Hey, yeah. I'm here. I'm so sorry, man. I shouldn't have-"

"Nick."

"Yeah?" They're both whispering now.

And Dream swears he had every intention of calling up his friend to shout at him, beg him to tell him what made him think Dream was what he thought he was, why he felt it was such a pressing issue that needed to be brought to Dream's attention.

Instead, Dream lets out a heavy sigh and starts to break.

"Tell me things are going to be okay," Dream can feel himself start to tear up, his voice is shaky and he's not sure if he wants Sapnap to notice or not.

"Things are gonna be okay, Clay. More than okay. I promise."

“You’re always gonna be my friend, right? You won’t leave me?”

“Always, no matter what.”

He sniffs, and there’s no way Sapnap isn’t aware that he’s crying, but he’s decided it doesn’t matter.

“O-Okay.”

“You alright? I can come by.”

“S’Okay. ‘M making some tea and gonna chill for a bit,” he mumbles and wipes tears from his cheeks.

“That sounds good. You sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah, just got a lil overwhelmed. I’m gonna go, sorry for waking you.”

“Hey, before you go. I- Just- I’m sorry for saying what I said the other night.”

“It’s fine, we can talk about it later.”

“Okay... Love you.”

“Love you too. Night.”

Dream hangs up and stares at his reflection on his phone screen. He does a mediocre job at wiping his tears away and can only hope the redness on his face will die down enough for George not to notice.

He rushes back to the kitchen where the kettle has quieted down. He hastily prepares the tea-filled mugs and carries them carefully over to the office where he finds George running mindlessly around on their shared server.

“About time, Jesus,” he teases, turning to retrieve his mug.

Dream is sure he notices that he’s been crying. He can see the way George’s face falls for a moment, the way his eyebrows furrow in confusion. Dream is sure he notices, but he’s beyond grateful when George doesn’t ask any questions.

“Sap called, sorry it took so long,” he lies and moves to sit down at his own desk, clicking onto their server.

“Sapnap called at four-thirty in the morning?”

“Uh, yeah. He was having trouble sleeping so we talked quickly.”

George lets out a small hum and drops the topic, moving to hit Dream in-game.

“Hey!” His character quickly turns to hit him back, but George has already taken off across the land.

The brunet is giggling as Dream runs after him and calls out his name. He’s giggling and his cheeks are pink and he occasionally throws his head back and Dream can’t stop looking over at him.

The night continues on and they eventually create their own minigame. First, Dream has to hunt down George and try to stop him from beating the game, and then they switch. Dream is able to beat the game, George is not. Once they've both finished, they decide to leave the server and move to the kitchen to wash their empty mugs.

George leans up against the counter watching as Dream scrubs the dishes clean.

"Thank you."

"Hm?"

"Thank you, for everything tonight. You've helped a lot more than you needed to," George smiles at the floor.

"Yeah, it's no problem," Dream smiles too. "You tired again?"

"A bit, yeah. The tea helped."

"Same."

It's silent for a bit, Dream carefully placing their now clean mugs onto the drying rack before looking over at George.

"Right, well, I'm gonna head to bed. Goodnight, George."

"Night, Dream."

They both walk quietly to their own rooms and instead of immediately rolling over to sleep, Dream scrolls through his Twitter for a bit.

About ten minutes pass and Dream finally clicks off his phone and places it on his nightstand. He doesn't know if he wants to think about tonight ever again, wonders if he'd be better off forgetting any of this ever happened, questions how much longer he can push away whatever was going on.

Before he can answer any of those questions, George is knocking at his door and his small body is standing in the doorway.

"Clay?"

Dream is going to die.

"Yeah?"

"Not sleeping yet?"

"Nope."

"Would you- Uh, could you maybe... Would you mind laying down with me again?"

"Um-"

"Sorry, I don't know if that's weird. I just got really used to sleeping with someone else in my bed and it's hard to fall asleep without anyone there."

Dream nods his head before realizing George probably couldn't see him. "Yeah, I'll be right there."

“Okay, thank you,” George squeaks before leaving the room.

Dream sighs, grabbing his phone and makes his way to George’s bedroom.

When he enters, George is already covered in sheets again and he’s looking at Dream like he’s just saved his life and suddenly things become just a bit clearer in Dream’s mind.

Quickly, Dream sends three messages to Sapnap and slips into bed beside George. The smaller man almost instantly moves closer to him.

“Is this okay?” George asks quietly.

“Yeah.”

Dream feels his phone vibrate and angles his phone so that George isn’t able to read the screen.

*sapnap*

*the other day you told me that it wouldn't be a bad thing if i liked boys*

*that's still true, right?*

*of course it's still true. always*

*ok*

*night*

*goodnight*

“Hey, George?”

“Mmm?”

“Are you gonna tell me what happened with Lucas?”

“Don’t wanna think ‘bout that right now.”

“Okay. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

Dream clicks off his phone and lets it fall gently on the floor below him before returning to the same position as earlier that night, his head resting on top of George’s and a hand loosely placed over his hip.

It would be okay.

## Chapter End Notes

i'm back!! uni is rough and i'm very sorry for ditching y'all but hopefully this makes up for it. if i ever stop posting for long bits at a time, there's most likely a reason that i've explained on my twitter! for right now, i'm back and i'm very excited to continue with this fic (and also work on my dnf songfic series :D)

thank you all for sticking with me, the support on this fic has made me So happy and i appreciate you all a ton <3

comments are very welcomed, reading them makes me all smiley :]

# Game Night?

## Chapter Summary

Dream, George, and Sapnap have one of their annual game nights. Dream realizes there's a lot he doesn't know.

## Chapter Notes

me last chapter: sorry for the hiatus i'm back now!!!  
uni: lol. no.

i think i'm *actually* back now, sorry about that.. this chapter is kind of a filler? it's kind of everywhere. i don't know anymore. sorry. enjoy!

(this is really roughly edited, sorry for any errors!!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Dream wakes up, the first thing he realizes is that he isn't in his own bed. It had been months since he had woken up in a bed that wasn't his, and nowadays he preferred to block out that point in his life as much as possible. His brain processes the way the unfamiliar sheets feel against his skin and the way the pillow underneath his head has a different shape than his own.

The next thing he realizes is that the walls of the room he's in are George's. He's in George's room, in George's bed. Dream blinks a few times before slowly tilting his head down.

He's not sure how it took him this long to realize it, but he notices his arms are wrapped around George's waist, pulling his back towards Dream's chest. Briefly, he remembers the night before, remembers the way George asked him to sleep with him, the way he let George move closer to him, the way he rested his head on top of his friends. He slowly remembers it all, even the call and texts with Sapnap.

Dream lays there, waiting for the familiar nauseous feeling to arrive. He waits for the pit of his stomach to go wild, for that swirl to angrily push and pull at his insides. He waits, and yet feels none of it. He knows he should be feeling sick right now, disgusted even. Dream had spent the last few hours being more valuable with both George and Sapnap than he had been with anyone in years. He wasn't exactly a closed-off kind of guy, but he tried to keep his emotions in check, especially around other people. He usually didn't have breakdowns in the kitchen in the middle of the night.

Dream waits and waits for the feeling to come, and then suddenly George is blinking awake, stretching out his arms, letting out a tiny yawn, and turns over to smile sleepily at the blond and Dream starts to think maybe he isn't meant to be feeling ill right now at all.

"Mornin'" George mumbles.

“Hey,” Dream grins at him. “Sleep okay?”

“Mhm, hungry.”

“Not it,” he laughs.

George playfully rolls his eyes before removing himself from Dream’s side and rolling out of bed. He didn’t mind making breakfast most of the time, it was waking up early and getting out of bed that was the problem, and Dream wasn’t making it easy on him.

Dream immediately mourns the loss of George’s proximity, sitting up in bed as George heads towards the kitchen.

“Pancakes, please!” Dream shouts, voice still raspy.

“You’re getting the English kind!” George yells back.

Usually, he would protest. He wanted pancakes, not crepes. This morning was different, though. George could’ve poured some cereal and Dream would still be eternally grateful.

Dream leans over to grab his phone from the floor where he had dropped it before falling asleep. Half wondering if it was all some strange dream, he clicks onto his conversation with Sapnap and feels a little dizzy when he realizes what exactly he had said. It wasn’t like it was a big deal, he hadn’t really confirmed anything. Dream was still trying to figure out what there was to confirm because his brain was moving way too quickly last night for his liking.

“Clay!” George calls from the kitchen. He was getting a lot more comfortable using that name. “Could you at least get out of bed and come set the table?”

“Okay, mom,” Dream replies sarcastically. Despite his reliant tone, Dream forces himself to get out of bed and soon joins his friend in the kitchen, grabbing plates and cutlery for the table.

After a few more minutes of the roommates hastily preparing breakfast, they’re both sat across from each other chewing on the meal George had put together.

“These aren’t pancakes, you know,” Dream says, still chewing.

“I don’t wanna hear it, and stop talking with food in your mouth. It’s gross.”

“You love it.”

“No, I think it’s disgusting. Now stop talking and eat your food before I do.”

The taller man chuckles before taking a sip of his drink. *This is nice*, he thinks. He realizes how often he’d been feeling that way around George lately. How just lying in bed next to him seemed to be enough. How being up at four in the morning playing Minecraft together could make him smile like nothing else could.

This was good.

They continue to eat, throwing in the occasional anecdote or comment whenever something comes to mind. Dream watches the way George tries to hold back a laugh when he tells a really stupid joke, and the way George absentmindedly plays with his hair. He watches him with such admiration and he can’t believe that he’s spent the last year being so completely blind.

Maybe he was still figuring things out; because figuring this kind of stuff out is supposed to be

confusing, it's supposed to take time. Perhaps it would take him forever to feel okay about admitting something, but there was no denying anymore that Dream had been burying a part of himself for way too long now. And maybe that was the first step.

Despite his mind rushing with a thousand different thoughts, there was still one question in particular that Dream wanted the answer to.

"So- And you don't have to talk about it if you're still not ready, but, what happened yesterday?" Dream takes another bite.

"With Lucas?"

"With Lucas," Dream nods. He partially regrets asking when he sees George's face fall, but he felt like an explanation was somewhat needed.

"Right. Well, he called asking if we could get together for a bit, and then took me for coffee and broke up with me."

"God, I'm really sorry, George."

"That's not even the worst part. The coffee we got? It was from that donut place I love."

"*The* donut place?"

"*The* donut place!"

"That's it, I gotta give this guy a call or something."

"Calm down, loser. It'll be fine. I probably won't be able to step foot in there for a few months, but I have you to pick up my orders for me," George smiles.

"You may have gotten dumped and I may feel bad for you but I will not be dragged into picking up donuts for you."

"We'll see," he winks.

Dream laughs, rolling his eyes. A few seconds of silence pass until curiosity gets the best of Dream for the second time this morning.

"Did he say why? I mean, why he wanted to end things?"

"He said it was a commitment thing. Pulled out the 'It's not you, it's me' line. Basically that he felt things were moving fast and he's not sure he's ready to commit to a serious relationship with someone."

Dream nods, and he should probably stop asking questions, but he really can't help it. "And you are?"

"What?"

"Ready to commit to a serious relationship?"

"With the right person, I think so."

"Lucas wasn't the right person?"



George doesn't answer for a few seconds, and Dream can tell he's thinking over the last few months. "I guess not, no."

Dream nods, taking a final bite of his English pancake.

---

"What's on the agenda for tonight?"

"Sap will be here soon but he said it's up to us. What do you wanna do?"

"I dunno, that's why I asked you."

They were currently walking back to the apartment building after going to grab some treats for Patches and some snacks at their corner store. George had decided earlier that week that they needed to get outside more often considering everything they did; including their jobs, happened indoors. They both pledged to start walking together whenever they were both available. They hadn't exactly been following through with it, only heading out when they were low on chips or wanted to grab something for the cat.

"Game night?" Dream suggests.

George groans, "You're gonna cheat again!"

"I didn't cheat last time! Sapnap just sucks at being the banker and gave me more money than I was supposed to get."

"And you didn't say anything until after you won the game."

"That's not cheating, it's just withholding information," Dream wheezes.

"You're awful, you know that?"

"How about we do game night and tell Sapnap he can't be the banker?"

"He *loves* being the banker, we would be horrible human beings to take that away from him. How about we just don't play Monopoly?" They turn to enter their apartment building.

"But what's a game night without Monopoly?"

"Dream, I hate to break it to you, but you are the only person I've ever met who actually enjoys playing Monopoly. It's boring and it takes forever to finish."

"That's not true! Sapnap likes it too!"

"Sure he does," George says sarcastically.

“Fine. Game night with no Monopoly. Whatever,” the blond looks at the ground as they enter the elevator.

George presses the button that will bring them to their floor and they spend the short ride up in silence. George squints his eyes at Dream who is still having a staring contest with the floor.

“Oh come on, you’re not actually upset, are you?”

No answer.

“Clay.”

Nothing.

They exit the elevator and quickly arrive at their door. Dream is still quiet as George takes out his key and unlocks it. The brunet enters the apartment but the blond silently refuses to follow.

“Oh my God, fine! We can play Monopoly. But we play it last and if any of us want to end the game early you aren’t allowed to complain.”

“Sounds good to me!” Dream looks up with a grin and makes his way past George.

“You’re such an idiot,” the smaller boy places a plastic bag on the kitchen counter and takes out a bag of treats for Patches, who is already making her way to George’s feet.

“Such a traitor, it’s like you’ve forgotten who adopted you in the first place,” Dream rolls his eyes as he searches through their cabinets.

“Please, I’m the one who spoils her. What’re you looking for?”

“You do *not* spoil her more than I do. And Sap said he wanted nachos, so I need to get that started.”

George crouches down to scratch behind Patches’ ear. “It’s okay,” he whispers. “We all know who you love more.”

“Get out of the kitchen if you’re just gonna be annoying,” Dream starts to gather what he needs for dinner.

“If you insist,” George scoops up Patches and carries her out of the room.

Dream wants to roll his eyes once he realizes just how domestic they sound.

---

Patches watches from afar as Dream, Sapnap, and George are all huddled over the kitchen table.

The nachos are long gone and there are now colourful cards scattered around the table. The three men are in the middle of what might be the most intense game of Uno they've ever participated in.

"This is so not fair," George groans, adding another four cards to his pile of what seemed to be hundreds of cards.

"C'mon, Gogy, stop whining. You're the one who suggested we play," Sapnap laughs, placing a card on the middle deck.

"Yeah, because you picked Clue and Clay picked Monopoly. It was between this of The Game of Life and that's *boring*."

Dream chooses to ignore the way Sapnap raises his eyebrows at the use of his real name.

"You've got to stop calling games boring just because you're bad at them," Dream laughs, grabbing a card from the center of the table.

"What else did he call boring?" Sapnap asks, skipping George's turn.

"I told him Monopoly is boring, and I'm right, right?" George looks over to Sapnap who's looking at Dream like he's about to tell a child his fish died.

"Sap? Not you too..." Dream places his hand over his heart dramatically.

"Listen, man, I was gonna tell you... It's just a remarkably boring game, the only way to have fun is by being the banker and fucking with everyone's money," Sapnap laughs as George finally places a card down for the first time in four turns.

"You mess up the money on purpose?" Dream chuckles.

"Duh, it's funnier that way. Watching George try not to scream as I hand you the completely wrong amount of money is hilarious."

"I hate the both of you. The only reason I haven't moved out yet is because of Patches," George makes Dream pick up two.

"Oh c'mon, that's not the *only* reason. Think about how dull your life would be without me," the blond smirks, watching the boy across from him.

"Uno," Sapnap places down his second last card. He wants to sink into his chair as his two friends stare at each other. "George, your turn."

He clears his throat, breaking eye contact to look at his cards. He places down a red three, Dream places down a blue three, and Sapnap places down a blue six.

"Boom! Easy work. You guys suck at this," Sapnap jumps up from his chair and starts collecting all the cards.

"Don't act all cocky, I won Clue, remember?" George snickers.

"Dream *let* you win Clue, remember?"

"I did not!"

"Oh please, you showed him your clue sheet five times."

“It was an accident!”

They’re interrupted by the sound of George’s phone ringing. He quickly pulls it out of his pocket and sighs.

“It’s for work, I’ll be right back. Get Monopoly set up, sorry guys,” he quickly exits the kitchen before answering the phone.

Sapnap continues to push all the Uno cards back into their tiny box while Dream opens up the familiar Monopoly box.

“You guys have got to get a newer version of that soon. That poor box is falling apart,” Sapnap jokes.

“Nah, too many memories with this one. Like that time you almost flipped the table when I won, or when George lost his piece for 15 minutes before realizing he put it in his pocket.”

“You make a convincing argument...” Sapnap pauses, watching Dream closely. “So, listen... What’s going on with you two?” His voice is hushed.

“Huh?”

“C’mon man, last night? The staring contest? The ‘*Clay picked monopoly*’?”

“It’s nothing, trust me.”

“Dream, I’ve seen you two together. Something’s different tonight.”

The taller man stills as his head drops, sighing. “I don’t- God, this is hard. I think- I don’t know what to do.”

“It’s okay man, take your time.”

He quickly peers out of the kitchen, checking his surroundings. When he’s sure the coast is clear, he speaks quietly. “I don’t know. I *think* I like him. *Like* like him. It’s confusing, I don’t know if I just feel bad because he got dumped or if I actually have feelings for him.”

“Hold on, he got dumped? Lucas is no more?”

“Is that what you took from that whole thing?”

“Sorry, sorry. Have you talked to him about how you’re feeling?”

“Are you kidding? Of course not. I haven’t even admitted that I might like him until right now. I’ve never... I didn’t think I was into guys until last night.”

“I get it, man.”

“You do?”

“Clay... Seriously?” Sapnap smiles.

“Oh my God, I’m so stupid.”

The shorter friend begins to laugh.

“Oh my God. So all those times where you left to see that Karl guy?”

“Would be for a date, yes,” Sapnap chuckles harder.

“Holy shit. Well, I’m super happy for you. But wow, I’m an idiot,” Dream pats him on the back.

“Yes, you are,” George interrupts, rejoining the conversation. “I don’t know what the context of that was, but I do know you’re an idiot. Are we ready to play this shitty game?”

“It is *not* a shitty game!”

The three of them sit back down around the table and pick out their pieces, Dream and Sapnap fighting over the dog.

Dream goes on to eventually win the game, which is obviously due to Sapnap. George has no problem calling them both out on their cheating and reassures them that next time they are *not* playing this game. Dream then threatens that he’ll give his roommate the silent treatment again, and George tells him they’re probably better off that way.

“Shit,” George’s phone rings out. “Probably work again, I should take this. Thanks for coming, Sap, even if you’re a cheater. We’ll see you soon, yeah?”

“Yeah, for sure. Night, man,” Sapnap waves as George exits the room.

“Seriously, thank you. Not just for coming, for everything the past few days. I know I’m not the easiest to deal with when I get all emotional and shit,” Dream stuffs his hands in his pockets.

“You’re all good dude. I’m always gonna be here supporting you. Also, if you don’t mind some advice? Don’t wait too long to tell him, okay? If you have feelings for him, if you want things to head in that direction, don’t wait. If there’s one thing I wish someone would’ve told me when I was figuring shit out, it’s that you just have to follow your heart. Nothing else matters.”

It takes a few seconds before Dream pulls Sapnap into a tight hug. “Thank you,” he sniffles. “You could’ve come to me, you know that right?” He pulls back.

“I know that now. I was too stupid to ask anyone for help or tell anyone how I was feeling. I’m just glad you talked to me.”

“Yeah, I am too.”

“It’s late, I gotta head out. Remember what I said, okay? Don’t wait too long. Goodnight, Clay.”

“Night, Nick.”

Sapnap shuts the door behind him and Dream looks at the mess of dishes in the sink. *Tomorrow’s problem*, he thinks. Right now, he just wants to sleep. Preferably, he wants to sleep in George’s bed again, curled up next to him. He wouldn’t mind, right?

Turning off the lights throughout the rest of the apartment, Dream makes his way down the hall to his room.

“Yeah, I guess I can talk now...” He can hear George’s muffled voice through the walls.

Dream quickly changes from his daytime clothes into a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt. Sapnap’s words play on a loop in his head.

*Don't wait. Don't wait. Don't wait.*

Would now be too soon to tell him? Just sit him down and explain that *hey, I like boys and I'm fairly certain I like you*. It could be that simple if Dream wanted it to be. It didn't have to be so complicated, because for once in the past few weeks Dream's feelings are clearer than ever before.

That was twice now tonight that he's admitted he likes boys. It never had to be so complicated.

*Don't wait. Don't wait. Don't wait.*

Dream huffs and grabs his phone from his bed. He wasn't going to wait. Exiting his room, he makes a direct line to George's closed door.

*Don't wait. Don't wait. Don't wait.*

He raises his fist to knock.

*Don't wait. Don't wait. Don't wait.*

And then Dream can hear George's muffled voice again, except he definitely isn't on the phone with a client.

"I don't know what to say, Lucas. You hurt me more than you think you did."

Oh.

"Tomorrow? Fine, goodnight."

His fist falls. His head hurts and that aggravating swirl in his stomach is back. He turns back to his room.

He pretends to be asleep that night when George comes tip-toeing into his room asking if he's still awake.

## Chapter End Notes

hehehehe and you all thought lucas was gone LOL

i missed yall :( thank you for the support while i was gone, it meant a lot <3

make sure to check my twitter SAYITFIRST for any updates and here's where you can find the [spotify playlist](#)!

comments & kudos are appreciated <33

# Brave

## Chapter Summary

Dream has a bad day, George has a bad night, surely things can get better. Sapnap gives yet another one of his motivational speeches.

## Chapter Notes

is this properly edited? no. am i uploading it anyway? absolutely! enjoy! (i was in and out of sleep while finishing this lol, sorry for any mistakes)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George never mentions it. The next morning when Dream wakes to find breakfast ready on the table and George playing with Patches, Lucas is never brought up. Dream even gives him the opportunity to talk about it.

“Any plans for today?”

“Nope,” George says as he takes a sip of his juice. “Not really, just gotta keep working on that stupid website.”

Dream just nods and continues picking at his eggs.

“You good?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. Stomach’s hurting a little.”

“Do you need anything? I can run to the store.”

“I’ll be fine.”

They spend most of the day in separate rooms. George is locked away in the office and despite his invitation for Dream to join him, Dream explains that he didn’t sleep well and should probably try to get some rest.

The blond definitely sees the confused look on George’s face and he can’t really blame him considering he seemed to be fast asleep when George snuck into his room last night mumbling for Dream to come and lie down with him.

He crashes onto his unmade bed, pulls his phone out of his pocket, and sends off some texts to Sapnap.

*you won’t believe what i almost did last night*

*oh no*

*should i be concerned*

*i almost told george everything*

*dude !!!!!*

*why didn't you? that would've been great :D*

*i went to knock on his door and i heard him on the phone with lucas ...*

*wtf?*

*i thought they split up?*

*me too*

*it sounded like lucas was trying to get him back*

*george said something about agreeing to see him tonight*

*but he hasn't mentioned it to me at all*

*he doesn't know i heard and now i feel like an idiot for thinking this could work*

*ur not an idiot*

*i think ur brave*

*why not just ask him about it?*

*then he'll know i was snooping*

*i guess*

*if he hasn't mentioned it to you, maybe it's bc he isn't going?*



*maybe...*

That's what Dream tells himself as he drifts off to sleep. That's what Dream believes until George is tapping him gently to wake him up.

"Hey, I gotta head out. You gonna be alright?"

"Hmm? What time is it?" Dream mumbles, eyes squinting open.

"Seven. Are you gonna be fine on your own for a bit? How's your stomach?"

"Where are you going?"

"Just gotta meet someone for the website, they're working with the same client."

Dream knows he's lying. He always knows. It doesn't help that George definitely isn't dressed for a meeting with a coworker, which he usually does at coffee shops or bakery. He's clearly dressed for somewhere fancier.

Dream's reminded of the night they fought and ended up apologizing over a rooftop picnic, the time George had explained how posh Lucas and his friends were.

He's going out with Lucas and lying about it.

"Dream? Hello? Are you gonna be okay if I leave for a bit?"

"I'll be fine," he forces himself to close his eyes and tries to fall back asleep. He refuses to watch George leave the room in those fancy clothes after lying to his face.

He can hear the front door open and shut and Dream realizes this is the first time George has been out with Lucas and hasn't offered to pick something up for Dream, and that makes him even more miserable.

Had he really missed it? Did he really miss *him*? His one chance to be brave. Dream thinks back to Sapnap's text. *I think ur brave*. He was far from it. If he was brave, he would pull himself out of this disgusting room and be running down flights of stairs to meet George on the bottom floor. If he was brave, he would have burst into that room last night and told George to hang up the phone so he could tell him how he felt. Dream wasn't brave, not even a little.

He can't sleep again. He wants to punch something. Dream couldn't have even been sure George felt the same way, but it's clear he's lost any chance of ever knowing.

It's almost eight when Dream drags himself out of bed and into the kitchen to make a grilled cheese. His stomach was still bothering him but he knew it had nothing to do with what he was eating.

The next half hour passes by at an unbelievably slow pace. Once Dream finishes his food, he moves to the couch. The blond lays silently and stares up at the ceiling as Patches joins him, resting on his chest.

"Hey," he whispers, gently stroking her.

He feels like crying. He thinks that maybe it's been too long since the last time he *really* cried. The last time he can remember is the night he realized he liked boys on the phone with Sapnap, but even that cry wasn't enough to feel better.

Before he can sink too deeply into his own thoughts, his phone is buzzing in his sweatpants. Dream pulls the device from his pocket and answers without checking the caller ID.

"Hello?"

"Yo," Sapnap says. "What're you up to?"

Dream looks at his surroundings. "Just hanging with Patches, what about you?"

"In the car on the way home, I needed to get some last-minute stuff for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Dream asks.

"Karl is coming by, so are my parents. They're all meeting for the first time," Sapnap says. Dream can hear the smile on his face.

"Dude! That's awesome, I'm really happy for you. Anything special planned?"

"Not really, probably just dinner and maybe walk around town afterwards."

"That sounds fun. Hey, I'm glad this is going well," Dream grins, scratching the back of his neck. He still feels a little silly for not picking up on this whole thing earlier. Although, it took him just as long to realize he wasn't straight himself, so maybe Dream just didn't have an eye for this type of stuff.

"Thanks, man. Enough about me, though. How are you?"

"I'm alright, just ate."

"Nice, nice. So, hey, I was wondering what we're doing for your birthday?" Sapnap questions.

"My birthday? I don't know, it isn't for a few weeks. I didn't really have anything special planned. Why do you ask?"

"No reason, just curious if you already made plans."

"I have not."

"Cool, and you didn't hear this from me, but please don't make any and please stay home on the day of," Sapnap says in a hushed tone.

"Will do," Dream laughs.

"So... How did the rest of the day with George go?"

Dream knew the question was coming. When George woke him up to say he was heading out Dream had briefly glanced at his phone notifications and saw several missed texts from his best friend. He just never answered them.

"Not well," the blond mumbles.

"What? Why not?"

“We didn’t really talk most of the day, I slept for a while and kinda just stayed in my room. Then around seven he woke me up and said he was going to meet someone for work,” Dream explains.

“Work?”

“It was a lie.”

“How are you so sure?”

“He was dressed all fancy, he never goes all out for work stuff. He went to meet Lucas.”

The line stays silent for a few seconds before Dream speaks up again.

“I don’t want to keep doing this. I don’t think I can. I’m not good at bottling up my emotions. I thought I was, until now, until George. I can’t sit here every day and wait for him while he’s clearly still into Lucas.”

“So what now? You give up?”

“I guess so,” Dream sighs. “Yeah.”

“No, no you can’t. I won’t let you do that. Dream, you and George together, it’s different. It’s good. I’ve seen it, it’s different than before.”

“Before what?”

“Before... with Mia. You wanted things to work so badly and it just kept getting so messed up. But this thing with George, I don’t think it has to be messy at all, you know? You can’t give up just as you’re realizing who makes you happy, just as you decide what you want.”

“That doesn’t matter, Sap. I missed my shot, I realized too late. This isn’t some fairytale or movie where everything works out as planned and we hold hands while walking into the sunset together. It’s not going to happen,” Dream can feel his eyes watering.

“Dream, listen to me, okay? We’ve had this same talk one too many times now. You need to go for what you want. You can’t keep waiting around for things to come to you, you have to go get them.”

“I get that, I do, but like I said, it just isn’t gonna work out,” Dream huffs, trying to keep it together.

“I’m gonna ask you a question and I need you to really think about it. Answer honestly, let yourself imagine it, okay?”

“Yeah, whatever.”

“When you see yourself in like... ten years; in your thirties, who do you see yourself with? And I don’t mean, like, who do you see in your life at that time. I mean who do you see yourself buying your first real house with, raising children with, going on vacations with, settling down with? Who makes you the happiest?”

He can’t hold it in anymore. Dream starts to cry.

“It isn’t that simple,” he whispers through a sob.

“Why can’t it be?”

---

Dream hangs up shortly after. He tells Sapnap he needs to shower before bed. Instead, he snuggles up to Patches and lets his tears out.

Eventually, he does get up to go shower, but his phone begins buzzing once again. Dream quickly picks the cell off the table and answers.

“Sapnap, I told you I-”

“Dream?”

“Wh- George?”

“Are you busy?”

Dream’s heart drops to his stomach. He can hear the older man sniffing over the line.

“Is everything okay? Are you hurt?”

“I’m fine, it’s just- Can you pick me up? I didn’t drive here and I really don’t want to take an Uber,” he says softly.

“Yeah, yeah of course. Just send me the address. I’ll leave right now.”

To Dream, it feels like mere seconds have passed before he’s pulled up in front of a restaurant he doesn’t recognize. Before Dream can even reach for his phone to tell George he’s arrived, the smaller boy is leaving the building and heading directly for the passenger seat.

They don’t speak at first. The radio playing some generic pop song is the only sound filling the car. Dream can’t decide if he hopes to make it home without talking or if he wants George to spill everything that happened tonight.

He doesn’t have time to make up his mind, because soon enough George abruptly shuts the radio off and sighs.

“I’m really sorry.”

“No big deal,” Dream says flatly.

It’s quiet again for a minute or two.

“Please don’t be mad,” George wipes his cheek.

“Why would I be mad?”

“Because you obviously know I wasn’t meeting with a coworker back there.”

Dream clenches his jaw. He didn’t want to bring this up, but if George did, then fine. “I just don’t get why you lied to me about it.”

“I don’t know why either. I guess I didn’t want you to worry about me.”

“Yeah, well look how that ended up,” Dream turns the music back on, hoping to drown out his rushing thoughts.

“I said I was sorry,” George lowers the volume.

“And I said it wasn’t a big deal. No need to keep apologizing,” Dream grips the steering wheel and focuses on the road.

When they get home George immediately plants himself on the couch beside Patches while Dream mumbles something about needing to shower and heads for the bathroom.

Dream runs the water, giving it time to warm up. He stares at himself in the mirror and realizes how horrible he looks. There are dark circles under his eyes, his hair is a mess, and his cheeks are still red from all the crying earlier.

He thinks about George, and the way his voice sounded over the phone. Maybe he had looked the same way before he got in the car.

When Dream enters the shower, he can’t help but feel like an asshole. Regardless of his own horrible day, George had clearly had an awful night, and instead of being there to comfort him as a friend, he was too caught up in his own feelings to bother checking in.

Shortly after, Dream reenters the family room to find George in the exact same spot he left him in. The taller boy reaches for the remote and finds the program he’s looking for as the brunet watches.

“Hey,” Dream turns to him. “Sorry for being a dick in the car. It’s been a long day. Are you okay?”

“You weren’t being a dick, I deserved it,” George brushes him off. “I’m fine.”

“Do you wanna talk about it?”

“There’s not much to tell. Lucas picked me up and told me he wanted to get dinner and talk, so we did. Then he apologized and said he wanted to jump right back in where we left off, but I told him I needed some more time to think about it and he got upset,” George barely looks at Dream, focusing on the way Patches is purring softly.

“He’s an asshole. You should be able to take all the time you need,” Dream shrugs.

George finally looks at the blond and stares for a moment. “Yeah, I know. So what’s all this?” He gestures at the TV.

“We’re doing a Harry Potter marathon,” Dream smiles, clicking onto the first movie.

“*Marathon*? Dream I’m never one to complain about watching Harry Potter, but it’s 9 p.m.”

“Who cares? You’ve had a shitty night and I’m fine to stay up for a bit. If we get tired we’ll just turn it off,” Dream presses play.

“You’re sure?”

“Yes! Go change into something comfier and I’ll get some snacks. Oh! Bring out some of your nail polish too,” Dream makes his way to the kitchen.

“Excuse me? First you want to watch Harry Potter with me and now you’re letting me paint your nails? You must really feel bad for me,” George laughs as he slides off the sofa.

“Shut up and go change, idiot.”

Dream grabs an assortment of drinks from the refrigerator and brings them back into the family room before popping some popcorn and filling some bowls with candy and chips. As he places the bowls down on the table and finds his spot on the couch, George rejoins the rooms.

“How did this end up in my laundry?” He giggles.

Dream looks up and honestly believes he must look like a damn cartoon character with his pupils forming the shape of a heart and his eyes popping out of his head. George is stood beside the television holding a basket of nail polish and is dressed in a pair of lounge shorts and a large t-shirt that most definitely belongs to Dream.

“This thing is huge on me. Why are you so tall?” George holds his arms out in a t-pose.

“That was in your laundry? Sorry, must’ve mixed it up,” Dream mumbles, trying to look away.

“Don’t worry, I can change if you want it back,” the brunet offers.

“No!” He clears his throat. “No, it looks cute on you, keep it.”

“I mean, if you insist,” George does a mini spin, laughing. “Are we all set? Should I turn the lights off?”

With the way Dream *knows* his face is burning up, there’s nothing he would want more right now. He leans over to switch on a lamp so they have some amount of light while doing their nails and then signals to George to shut the lights.

George insists that he paint Dream’s nails first.

“What colour?”

“Black and green,” he decides.

George furrows his eyebrows at the choice before grabbing two bottles from the basket and taking ahold of Dream’s right hand.

“Slytherin colours. My house,” Dream smiles down at his hands.

“I like that idea, I’ll do blue and gold,” George grins and begins his work.

“I thought Ravenclaw colours were blue and silver,” Dream admires the way his hands look against George’s.

“It’s different in the books. Blue and bronze. They changed a bunch of shit for the films, don’t know why,” George focuses on not screwing up the black.

“I hope you know that when the Percy Jackson show comes out, I’m gonna make you watch the whole thing with me. Then you’ll have to hear random facts about it every ten minutes, you’ll finally know what it’s like to watch a TV show with yourself,” Dream teases as George switches to

his left hand.

“Oh shut up, you literally asked about the colours,” George rolls his eyes.

“True. It’s just really fun messing with you,” Dream wants to hold his hand like this forever.

“You’re annoying,” George sighs.

“You love it,” Dream smiles widely.

Once George gets to the second coat of green, (because he insisted that black only needed one coat... “*Come on, Clay, it's a dark colour, it'll be fine*”) Dream finds himself staring at the way the other man focuses on his task. He smiles softly at the way George sticks his tongue out between his teeth, and the way he mouths the lines from the movie every now and then.

Suddenly all that talk today about giving up on this doesn’t seem so realistic. He really should listen to Sapnap more often, he always ended up agreeing eventually.

“All done, don’t touch anything for a while,” George grabs the colours needed for his own nails and scooches back on the couch.

“Well, how the hell am I supposed to eat this popcorn?”

“You can go ten minutes without eating the popcorn, just watch the movie,” George laughs slightly and starts painting his nails.

“I don’t get how you can do that on your own,” Dream shakes his head, reaching for popcorn despite George’s rule.

“Years of practice.”

“Obviously.”

By the time *Chamber of Secrets* rolls around, their nails are completely dry and the popcorn has been finished, along with some drinks and half a bowl of sour watermelon candies.

“Do we need refills?” Dream questions, already on his way to the kitchen to make more popcorn.

“I’m good, get whatever you need.”

While he’s waiting for the microwave to beep, Dream unlocks his phone and texts Sapnap.

*sorry for today. didn't mean to be such a downer*

*love u brother. goodnight*

It was the least he could do after driving Sapnap into giving *another* speech about Dream’s lack of confidence when it came to his feelings for George.

The microwave beeps and Dream shoves his phone back into his pocket to refill the bowl of popcorn.

“Oh, question!” George shouts from the family room.

“What’s up?” Dream says as he leaves the kitchen.

“Has Sapnap mentioned your birthday party to you yet?” George asks when Dream takes back his place on the sofa.

“Uh, it was briefly brought up today. He made it sound like it was supposed to be a secret though, so if this is some sort of trap, then no, I have not heard about any party,” Dream eats a handful of popcorn.

“God, he’s so dramatic. No one said it had to be a secret,” George chuckles and takes a sip of water.

“So, what’s going on? Are you guys planning some huge party for my 22nd?” Dream jokes, leaning over to press play on the second movie.

“You wish. It’s just something small with a few people. Sap and I wanna make the cake.”

“Remind me not to touch that cake.”

“Yeah, yeah. So you’re okay with that then? Having a few people over here to celebrate? It won’t be much, most of it was Sapnap’s idea, but if you’re not down for that then-”

“George,” Dream wheezes. “Of course I’m okay with that. Stop worrying so much. I think it’s sweet you and Sapnap are actually working together on something instead of being at each other’s throats 24/7.”

“Look at you, first you say your shirt looks cute on me, now you think I’m sweet. Who are you and what have you done with my roommate?” George tosses a candy into his mouth.

“You’re such an idiot. Just watch the damn movie,” Dream is beyond thankful for the dim lighting because he can once again feel his face turn red.

At about an hour into *Prisoner of Azkaban*, they both agree to ditch the snacks and move into a more comfortable position. Dream lays against the back of the couch while George finds his perfect spot against Dream’s chest.

Dream has to hold himself back from playing with George’s curls. His hair had gotten so long recently and Dream couldn’t deny it was probably his favourite look on him. They’re so close now that he can smell the faint scent of vanilla and shampoo and Dream thinks that this might be what’s waiting for him in heaven.

Half an hour later, the two of them are sound asleep on the couch, Patches curled up at the end of the couch with them.

It’s the best sleep they’ve both had in a while.

## Chapter End Notes

i'm going to stop apologizing for not uploading frequently. next time i say sorry, someone yell at me.



hi!!!! how are you guys? hope all is well :P very quick and brief explanation/update. my hyper fixation on mcyt has faded a lot over the past few weeks and due to that i haven't had a lot of motivation to write. however, i wanna do this fic justice because i love it and love seeing everyone's reactions! in my head i only see this going for another 2-3 chapters as i have the rest planned out, so just a heads up :]

thank you SO much for 640+ kudos, 11000+ hits, and 100+ comments. i never thought anything i put out would get as much attention as affection has gotten. i hope you're all having a lovely summer, i shall see you soon ;]

# Happy Birthday

## Chapter Summary

Dream's birthday has finally rolled around. He's deadset on telling George about how he feels tonight. Let's just hope nothing gets in the way of that.

## Chapter Notes

We have arrived at the last chapter of Affection! Very bittersweet for me. This chapter is the longest yet, so grab a snack and get comfortable. I hope you guys enjoy! As usual, ignore any grammar or spelling errors, most of this was done very late into the night.

Side note: Once you get to the rooftop scene I recommend listening to All Through the Night by Sleeping At Last!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's birthday approaches faster than expected. Sapnap and George have spent the past week purchasing decorations, putting together the guest list, and planning the day. Sapnap even tries to convince George to take a baking class with him so that they don't completely fuck up the birthday cake.

George refused, obviously, after explaining to the younger man that it didn't take a genius to bake a cake.

He was wrong.

The plan was supposed to be simple. While Dream was at a meeting, the two of them were going to be baking the cake. That was where the problems started.

"I told you we should've taken that class. I would've paid for you."

"And I told you that we didn't need it. It's gonna be fine," George brushes Sapnap off, focusing on mixing the batter.

"It looks like shit, and we still need to actually put it in the oven. Do you guys even have anything to bake a cake in?"

"I bought stuff yesterday, will you calm down?"

"Are you sure? Look, this website says we need a specific size for the pan, do you have the right size?" Sapnap waves his phone in George's face, which is quickly swatted away.

"Will you turn your phone off and just help me get the batter into the pan? I don't wanna spill it," George huffs.

"We wouldn't have to worry about spilling anything if we took that class," Sapnap mumbles as he clicks his phone off and moves to help George.

"Mention that class one more time and you're uninvited from the party," the older man says flatly.

Once the two brunets manage to pour the batter into the pan with little mess, George places it into the oven with a sigh. It's then that the front door swings open to reveal a very drained Dream.

"Honey, I'm home," he says, yawning.

"I'm here too, you know," Sapnap rolls his eyes.

"Already? I thought you wouldn't be here for another hour," Dream bends down to pet Patches who greets him at the door.

"Had to be here a bit earlier to help George with... stuff," George and Sapnap quickly move to stand in front of the oven, both of them grinning like idiots.

"Are you two still doing this secret party thing? I thought we all agreed that this wasn't a surprise considering you both spoiled it for me already. Besides, you're both horrible liars, and you would *never* help George with anything if you didn't have to," Dream kicks his shoes off and walks towards the oven, trying to get a sneak peek at what was inside.

"While all of that is true, we've decided it's more fun this way!" George smiles. "So, to recap, you know *nothing* about this party, alright?"

"What party?" Dream says sarcastically, shaking his head at George. "I'm gonna hop in the shower, I'll be out in a few minutes, Sap."

Once the blond has left the room, George turns to Sapnap with a worried look on his face.

"Tell me the plan again," he says, pulling his phone out to check his notes app where he had written everything out.

"I've told you three times by now, and you have it written down. Why do I need to tell you again?"

"Oh this isn't for me, I'm making sure *you* remember it."

Sapnap rolls his eyes but recounts the plan for the next 24 hours nonetheless. "I take him for drinks while you decorate, we spend the night at my place, get lunch tomorrow, and then bring him back here where everyone will be waiting. All good?"

"Perfect. Don't get him too drunk, though. All we need is a hungover Dream at a surprise party," George laughs.

"I can't make any promises," Sapnap shrugs, his phone ringing. "It's Karl, I'll be right back."

George can hear Sapnap answer the phone with a tone that he doesn't think he's ever heard before. It makes him smile. Sure, he and Sapnap haven't been friends for very long, but this was the first time since he's known him that George thinks he's truly happy. It's quite nice to see.

Sapnap leaves the apartment to continue his conversation while George moves to the family room to turn on the TV. A few minutes pass while George searches Netflix for something to have on in the background while he decorates.

"Sap? Which shirt is better for tonight?" Dream shouts from down the hall, making his way into

the family room.

George truly believes that this is his last day alive because Dream is in nothing but a towel that seems to barely be hanging onto his hips. Suddenly George is teleported back to all those months ago where he had this huge unbearable crush on the tall blond and all he wants is to walk over to his roommate and wrap his arms around his tanned torso and kiss him. And now they're looking at each other and no one is talking like it's some sort of really gay staring contest. Except Dream isn't gay, so now George feels like an idiot and quickly redirects his sight back to the TV.

"You're not Sapnap," Dream laughs.

"I am not," George forces a smile, no longer paying attention to the shows and movies he was clicking through. "He's outside, Karl called."

"Of course, the boyfriend comes first," Dream raises his eyebrows. "Wanna help me pick a shirt?" He holds up two shirts, one button-up and one t-shirt.

"You could just *not* wear one. It's a good look on you," he regrets it as soon as it leaves his mouth. Except now Dream's whole body flushes a light shade of red, so maybe he doesn't.

"So smooth, Georgie," he rolls his eyes and leans against the wall, still holding the shirts up.

"The t-shirt tonight, button-up tomorrow."

"Awesome, thanks. I'll be out in a minute," Dream turns back down the hallway to his room.

George lets out a deep breath and rubs his eyes. He continues to browse Netflix when Sapnap reenters the apartment and takes a seat next to George. They sit together for a few minutes, Sapnap throwing out countless anime recommendations that he knows George will never actually watch.

Eventually, Dream joins them on the couch, and at one point he drapes his body over George's to reach the remote. It's a brief moment, but it sends the brunet spiralling nonetheless. His feelings for Dream were long gone, locked away in the deepest part of his mind, only to be seen on the darkest of days. But there's something about him today, there was something about him these past few weeks that was slowly driving George crazy. And there was nothing he could do about it.

Maybe it had to do with the fact that everything Dream did lately was strangely endearing; like giving George the silent treatment when he didn't get what he wanted, or maybe the brunet realized that Dream would do just about anything to cheer him up; like playing Minecraft at four in the morning or watching Harry Potter while painting each other's nails, or maybe it was that George hasn't been able to forget the feeling of the blond's body pressed up against his in bed, or perhaps it was just that George was rediscovering just how attractive Dream was.

Sapnap and Dream soon say their goodbyes and head out for the night. George eventually decides on playing *The Office*. He and Dream had started watching it sometime earlier in the year when he had first moved in, but they never finished.

George gets to work with the decorations, checking up on the cake every now and then. He pins some Happy Birthday signs to the walls, hangs streamers from the ceiling, and even sets up small games and activities around their tiny apartment. Sapnap insisted on the entire apartment being filled with various drinking games, which was when George had to remind him that Dream's mom would be attending.

When he takes the cake out of the oven, he can feel his phone buzzing in his pocket. He knows who it is, it's been buzzing a very specific buzz that George had set up for the past two weeks.

Ever since the night that Dream had to pick him up, Lucas had been texting and calling non-stop. They were never worth reading, usually just filled with meaningless apologies and empty promises to be better.

George hates remembering that night.

He knows deep down that everything turned out okay, but knowing that for a brief moment Dream was upset with him made him feel ill. He just wanted the blond to be happy. Maybe that's what this whole party was about, just giving Dream a reason to be surrounded by the people who make him the happiest, giving him a reason to smile and laugh and have a good time with the people he loves.

George begins to ice the cake, fully acknowledging what a terrible job he's doing. He can hear Sapnap in his head nagging him about the baking class. Sapnap had found a picture to replicate and George tried to explain to him that he would require a much higher baking skill to pull the design off, but Sapnap insisted he give it a try. It was not going well.

He takes a break to check his phone, seeing two missed calls from Sapnap and a voicemail, which he slides open. His phone deceives him when it starts playing the messages in the order of which was left first, which meant the first voice to fill his ears was Lucas.

*"Hey, it's me. I know you don't wanna talk right now, but I really need to see you. George, I'm so sorry. I really wish I could go back in time and fix this but I can't so I need you to answer your messages. Please, come see me. I think I love you, George. Call me."*

He isn't sure why he sits and listens to the whole message. Maybe it's him trying to hold onto whatever pathetic shred of their relationship was left, or maybe he wanted to see if it was any different from the various texts he's been receiving. Telling George he loves him sure checked that box.

It doesn't matter, though, because his voice still makes him sick to his stomach. So sick that George doesn't want to be around his phone anymore. He walks into his bedroom and plugs his phone into the charger, leaving it there as he continues to messily decorate the cake.

A few hours pass and the apartment is fully decorated, the cake is sitting in the refrigerator, and George is sat on the couch next to Patches. Soon, he turns off the TV and can feel himself dozing off.

That is until there's a very loud knock at the front door.

At first, he's inclined to ignore it out of fear that Lucas had come here instead of waiting for George to go to him, which was never going to happen. But when he hears a slurred voice through the walls, he knows exactly who it is.

"Georgie!" Dream yelps when the brunet opens the door. "I thought you were ignoring me."

"What are you doing here? You're supposed to spend the night at Sapnap's," George questions, taking Dream by the arm and guiding him to the kitchen table.

"He called ya, a few times I think. Said somethin' came up and that I couldn't have a sleepover anymore," he pouts.

George wants to laugh when it becomes very obvious that this is because Karl decided to come over and he probably should've checked his voicemail, but he also wants to drive over to Sapnap's place and remind him that *this* is why he made the younger boy go over the plan so many times.

“Well now the surprise is really ruined, you weren’t supposed to see all the decorations until tomorrow,” George sighs.

“Georgie, I can almost guarantee ya that I won’t remember any of this tomorrow. Plus,” he hiccups. “I’m already actin’ surprised ‘bout the rest of the party, I can act surprised about this too. Promise,” Dream reaches out his pinky finger, waving it at George who rolls his eyes and interlocks his pinky.

“Thanks, Dream. You should probably lie down, let’s get you to bed, yeah?” George takes the blond’s hand and slowly guides him to his room.

“Hey, Georgie?”

“Yes?”

“You’re really pretty,” he smiles sheepishly, plopping onto his bed. “Lucas is such a loser.”

“Thank you, that’s very nice of you, but I think you might be a little drunk,” George laughs, still holding onto his hand, admiring the way their fingers interlock.

“Oh, I am *definitely* drunk, but you’re still pretty, and your hands are soft.”

“So are yours, but you need to stop complimenting me,” George takes advantage of the fact that there’s a very slight chance Dream will remember this conversation when he wakes up. “Or else I’m gonna want to kiss you,” he says quickly, almost playing it off as a joke. He lets go of Dream’s hand.

“Would that be such a bad thing?” Dream asks, his voice hushed as he rolls over and closes his eyes.

George stares at him for a moment. “I’m gonna go get you some water.”

A million thoughts are running through his head as he makes his way to the kitchen and back, but his mind clears when he hears Dream softly snoring. George places the glass of water on Dream’s bedside table and waits a moment before shutting the light and crawling into bed with him, his back to Dream’s chest.

He tries to convince himself that he’s only there in case Dream wakes up sick in the middle of the night, but as a sleepy Dream wraps his arm around George’s waist and pulls him closer, he isn’t so sure that’s true.

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Dream does get sick in the middle of the night, and George does in fact help him from the bedroom to the bathroom and back. He hates the feeling of throwing up, but having George there to assure him this meant there would be no hangover in the morning made it a tad more bearable. It also helps that George held him extremely close when they went back to bed.

When he wakes, he isn’t sure what time it is. He doesn’t remember much from last night, just

blurry memories of Sapnap handing him drink after drink and George helping him up and down the hall. There's a very faint memory of George kissing his forehead before Dream fell asleep for the second time, but maybe that was just him imagining things.

Like George had promised, Dream was not hungover, but that didn't stop his head from feeling like it was hit with a hammer. When he rolls over to grab his phone, he realizes that it's almost three in the afternoon. How long had George let him sleep? Surely guests would be here soon.

As if on cue, George knocks at the door before entering.

"Did you just wake up? Oh, God. I should've got you up. Come on, you have to start getting ready," George paces the room, looking through the piles of clean laundry Dream had yet to put away.

"Georgie," the blond mumbled. "Head hurts."

"Ah, sorry," he's speaking softer now. "I'll get you some Tylenol, but please get in the shower. You have an outfit picked out, right? The shirt you showed me last night?"

"Don't remember last night," Dream rubs his eyes and rolls over in bed, his back facing his roommate.

"Dreamie," George moves to sit at the bottom of Dream's bed. "I know your head hurts, but I'll get you some medicine and you'll shower and you'll feel so much better. Yeah? Can we do that?" George felt bad, but he also wanted to laugh. Sometimes taking care of a sick Dream made him feel like a parent taking care of their child.

"Mmm..." Dream sighs, sitting up to finally look at the brunet.

George has a soft expression on his face. Kind. Caring. He makes Dream feel warm. Like the whole world was just meant to be the two of them sitting here forever, looking at each other. Dream almost asks George to call off the party so they can spend today by themselves. He doesn't, because he knows how hard George and Sapnap have worked on it, but he's very tempted.

"I'll grab you that Tylenol. Get in the shower, okay? I'll find you something to wear," George gives him one last smile and exits the room.

Dream's heart feels heavy today. It only just occurred to him now, watching George grin at him and then leave him alone in his bedroom, but he realizes just how much George makes him *feel*. It was like the push and pull in his stomach that had been bothering him for months had found its way to his heart, making sure to remind Dream at every possible moment that it all came down to tonight.

He had made the rash decision sometime last night, at least from what he can remember. Sapnap had been sipping a beer when he casually asked if Dream planned on confessing his feelings to George at any point in the near future. The blond wasn't sure where the burst of confidence came from, but at that moment he had concluded that the best possible time to tell George was after his birthday party.

Now, as Dream stood in the shower, that was all he could think about. Maybe telling him tonight was too soon, but if he didn't confess now, then when? Who knows how long it would take him to get this confidence back, or if telling George tonight would lead to a different outcome than telling him next month. It *needs* to be tonight.

When he finishes up in the bathroom, he's already feeling a lot better than when he first woke up.

His head isn't pounding anymore and the Tylenol that George had left on his nightstand would surely do the trick of fully eradicating it.

The outfit George picked out is nice, a pair of black jeans and a light pink button-up. When Dream checks himself out in the mirror, he recognizes the shirt as the one he had asked George about the night before. The conversation suddenly comes back to him and his body flushes again when he remembers the compliment George gave him. Was that flirting? He didn't know. George had never seriously flirted with him before, at least he didn't think so.

Dream does a quick job at styling his hair and before he knows it, the time on his phone tells him that it's four-thirteen in the afternoon. He was most definitely late to his own party. He pockets his phone, sprays some cologne on him, and exits the room.

As soon as he reaches the end of the hallway and steps into the living room, he's surrounded by decorations and guests who are screaming '*Surprise!*' in unison. Party music begins to play on a speaker and Sapnap appears beside him, standing on his tippy-toes to put one of those childish party hats on his head. George is standing near the television, recording the entire thing on his phone. When their eyes meet, Dream smiles so wide he thinks everyone else in the room could figure out his feelings before George did.

"Thank you for coming, everyone. Seriously, this is so great," Dream gestures at the decorations hanging from the wall. "I didn't know if they were actually gonna pull this off, because Sap and George can't work together to save their lives, but this is everything I could've wanted. Thanks, guys."

Sapnap leans over to give him a side hug before whispering in his ear, "There's someone I want you to meet."

In seconds, Sapnap is dragging Dream across the room to where George and a boy in a purple crewneck are speaking to each other.

"Dream, this is Karl. Karl, this is Dream," Sapnap smiles brightly as the two shake hands.

"Happy birthday, dude. I've heard so much about you from Sapnap, I'm glad we could finally meet," Karl beams.

"Thank you, I've heard lots about you, too. And I see you've already met George, don't believe anything he says," Dream laughs, quickly glancing at George who's already grinning at him.

The four of them continue chatting for a few more minutes until Dream feels a tap on his shoulder. When he turns around, he's met with a shorter man with long hair and a baseball cap.

"Dream!"

"Alex?"

"In the flesh!"

The two collided in a hug, both running on the excitement of seeing each other again after such a long time.

"How are you here? Last I heard the company settled in Vegas!"

"Well, I got a few days off and George got in contact and said he was planning this whole surprise party, so I thought; what's a bigger surprise than flying out a best friend you haven't seen in



years?" Alex laughs.

"It's so good to see you again," Dream sighs. "We miss you around here, this apartment was once your palace."

"I miss you guys too, but George seems awesome. You're really lucky to have each other," Alex says softly.

"Oh, uh, we're not- we aren't together," Dream scratches the back of his neck, hoping George wasn't in earshot of this conversation.

"Oh, shit. Sorry, I just assumed-"

"No, no. It's alright, totally understandable. Listen, you make yourself comfortable, I'm gonna go say hey to a few more people," Dream gives Alex one last quick hug and begins to make his rounds.

Over the next little bit, Dream chats with some neighbours from the building, some older clients he had built close relationships with, and eventually his mom; who he finds playing beer pong with Sapnap, Karl, and George whilst Alex commentates.

"Here I was, trying to find you and check if you were having a good time," Dream watches in awe as his mother tosses a ping-pong ball into a plastic cup with ease. George cheers her on as Sapnap reaches for the cup and Karl throws next.

"A good time? Honey, can't you see we're winning? I'm amazing at this," his mother giggles as she watches Karl's ball fly past the cups.

It only takes three more turns for the game to end. "And there we have it, folks. Dream's mom and George take the W against Sapnap and George!" Alex announces.

Dream's heart is doing backflips in his chest as he watches his mother and George interact. *Screw this*, he thinks. *Now or never*.

"Hey," he touches George's arm. "Can we talk for a second, somewhere private?"

"Can we wait a minute? It's time to bring out the cake," George asks, his eyes making it impossible for Dream to say no.

"Yeah, of course. Cake. Let's do this thing."

Dream, his mom, George, Sapnap, Karl, and Alex all make their way to the kitchen. Sapnap stops the music that's playing, Karl turns off the kitchen light, and George is placing a messily decorated cake on the counter in front of Dream. As George lights the '22' candles and everyone begins singing *Happy Birthday*, Dream feels like he's twelve years old again. Surrounded by the people he loves most of his birthday, feeling giddy from the proximity of his crush, and anticipating making a birthday wish.

He looks down at the cake, candles now lit, and smiles. It reads ' *You're old now :) Happy 22nd Birthday Dream .* ' It makes me laugh, a loud laugh full of love and happiness. He looks up to lock eyes with George who has now moved next to the front door near Karl and Alex. He's looking right back at Dream, mirroring the same stupid smile the blond has on his face.

The song ends and Dream looks down at his cake, contemplating on what to wish for. He took birthday wishes very seriously. When he closes his eyes and recounts the wish in his head, he hears

the front door creak open and assumes it must be a *very* late guest. He opens his eyes and blows out his candles, but when he looks back up at the crowd of smiling and clapping guests, George is gone.

Dream's eyes meet Sapnap's and his heart immediately drops. Just from the worried look plastered on his best friend's face, he knew who had come into the apartment and where George had gone.

Alex makes a quick joke about cake slice sizes and most of the crowd disperses to grab themselves a plate. Dream heads straight for the office.

Sure enough, George and Lucas are standing in the middle of the room arguing with each other.

"Oh, come on, Lucas. Can't you take a hint?" George says sharply.

"Oh, here we go," the man utters.

"Something tells me you weren't on the guest list. Time to go, Lucas. Thanks for stopping by," Dream stands at the door, still deciding if it's a good idea to enter the room or not.

"Perfect, the whole gang is here. You know, despite what you may believe, you aren't George's boyfriend. He can speak for himself," Lucas grumbles.

Dream wants to punch him. He hates that Lucas can read him so well. He hates that he lets Lucas get under his skin. He hates Lucas.

"I *was* speaking for myself before you interrupted me," George cuts in. "I'm not interested anymore. I think I've made that crystal clear."

Dream notices how thick George's accent is now, something that only happened when he was really upset. It makes the stomach swirl come back for a moment.

"George, please. I love--"

"You need to leave," George interrupts.

There's a brief pause in the conversation where Lucas looks from George to Dream and then back to George.

"Right, fine. I get it, I'll go," Lucas gives George one last look of longing before lightly shoving Dream out of the way with his shoulder.

George and Dream stand there for a few seconds in silence before Sapnap appears in the hall asking if everything is alright.

Once the unexpected visitor fiasco is cleared up, the party continues as normal. Dream, Sapnap, George, Karl, and Alex all hang out for most of the evening playing various drinking games and horribly dancing to music. At one point, Dream disbands from the group and goes to find his mom in the kitchen.

"Ma, hey," Dream says over the music.

"Clay," she smiles. "Are you having fun?"

"Of course, are you?" He reaches for a bottle of water in an attempt to sober up for what he's about to tell her.

"I am. I love seeing you with your friends. It's nice to have all of you here together after so long," his mother glances over into the living room where Alex is attempting to complete his dare of giving Sapnap a lap dance.

"Yeah, it's been a while, hasn't it?" Dream laughs as Sapnap pushes Alex off of him and moves closer to Karl.

The two of them watch the group in silence for a bit as Dream takes sips of his water. He takes a deep breath and turns to fully face his mother.

"Hey, Mom?"

"Yes, dear?"

"I'm bisexual," Dream's heart could beat right out of his chest.

"That's lovely, dear. I'm happy for you, and I love you," she smiles her sweet smile that always made Dream feel okay growing up. He would fall off his bike or fail a test and she would always be there with that smile that told him everything was going to turn out alright.

"I love you, too."

"Go be with your friends, Clay. It's getting a little late, I think I'll head out. You go have fun. Happy Birthday, my love," Dream's mom pulls him in for a tight hug and presses a quick kiss to his cheek before grabbing her purse and heading out the door with a wave.

The evening continues and one by one, guests say goodbye to Dream before filtering out of the apartment. The last people left at the end of the night are none other than Dream, George, Sapnap, Karl, and Alex. It wasn't long until the five of them were acting as if they had been friends for life when in reality some of them had just met tonight.

Karl and Alex had spent a portion of the night performing terrible karaoke for the rest of the guests while Sapnap and Dream took on the role of their hype men and George recorded everything. Eventually, Alex and George teamed up against Sapnap and Karl in a very intense game of flip cup which Dream decided to commentate this time around. And after that, they had settled into a circle where they played a game of Never Have I Ever and learned some very valuable information about one another.

"You've skinny-dipped in a public pool?" George had asked, a horrified look on his face.

"Vegas, baby," Alex laughed.

When the clock hits 10:30, Karl, Sapnap, and Alex are headed out the door and make their way to their respective taxis waiting for them outside. Dream had offered that Alex should stay the night for old times sake, to which he not-so-quietly whispered back something about Dream and George spending the rest of the night alone.

It was obvious that out of the five of them, George was the soberest. None of them were exactly *drunk*, but it was safe to say that Dream was definitely tipsy. So it was no surprise when George immediately tried to convince Dream to go to bed after everyone had said their goodbyes.

"I'm not tired yet, Georgie. Let's stay up for a bit, yeah?" Dream smiles, green eyes meeting brown ones.

"You're not tired because you woke up at three in the afternoon. I've been up since eight," he

sighs.

“Well, whose fault is that? Certainly not mine,” Dream laughs slightly. “We didn’t have any cake, did we? Oh, and you decorated it so nicely and we didn’t even eat any because Lucas came in!”

“There’s still some here, calm down. I’ll cut us some slices,” George maneuvers around the kitchen, pulling out plates and forks and a knife to cut the cake.

Dream watches in awe as the man he’s come to adore so dearly over the past year reaches over the counter to give him a slice of his birthday cake. They eat in silence, Dream doing his best to hide the fact that he’s become so completely enamoured with the older man.

“I guess this counts as our meal together for the day,” George huffs a laugh.

“Can never break a tradition, especially on birthdays. That’s gotta be bad luck,” Dream places his dirty plate and fork in the sink, George follows suit.

Somehow, they end up extremely close together, both of them facing each other as they refuse to move from the sink. They stay like that for a few seconds before Dream speaks up.

“Let’s go to the rooftop.”

“It’s late.”

“Who cares, the weather is perfect for it, and we can try and find some stars.”

Luckily, it takes almost no convincing for George to agree, and soon enough they’re opening the door to the roof and leaning against the railing. Dream remembers the last time they stood here together when they had gotten in a fight and George had come to find Dream up here where they both apologized for being idiots. Dream wonders if George remembers it too.

“Thanks for tonight,” Dream bumps his shoulder into George’s, still watching the sky.

“You said that already, in your little speech.”

“Yeah, well I’m saying it again. Seriously, that was above and beyond. Getting Alex to fly out? That meant the world to me, George. You have no idea. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. It was nothing though. Plus, Sapnap helped put a lot of it together,” George shrugs.

“You can never just take a compliment, can you?” Dream laughs.

“Guess not,” George smiles, looking over at his roommate.

Dream looks at him, too. For a moment, the world goes silent, and it’s just the two of them completely captivated by each other.

The moment ends just as quickly as it started because Dream clears his throat and looks back at the night sky, bracing himself for what’s to come. He can see George look down at his feet.

“So,” he starts.

“So.”

“I’ve come to a realization recently,” Dream continues.

“Oh, okay. Well you know you can tell me-”

“Will you just let me talk?” He teases. George shakes his head. “I’ve come to a realization recently and I think I should just get it off my chest and share it with you because it’s been eating me alive for weeks now.”

George goes to respond, but quickly shuts his mouth and nods his head signalling for Dream to continue.

“I like boys. And girls. But the boy part is the recent discovery,” he breathes out. There’s a moment of silence between the two. “You can talk now,” he adds.

“Oh, Clay, I’m so proud of you. That’s great. Thank you for telling me,” George smiles widely at the taller man.

“And I like you,” Dream blurts out.

“I like you too, Dream. I’m glad you had such a good birthday. But again, Sapnap plan-”

“No, no, I *like* you. More than like actually, I think anyway. No, definitely more than like. Yeah,” Dream shakes his head.

“What?” George turns to him.

“I love you, I think.”

“You must be wasted, how much did you drink when I wasn’t looking?” His eyebrows furrow.

“I’m not drunk. Okay, maybe I am, but I still love you,” Dream turns to George now, as if he’s finally figured it all out. Like for the first time in months his head is working properly again.

“You don’t know what you’re saying, Dre,” George takes a few steps away from his roommate.

“Hey, hey, hey. Listen. I have not spent the last several months of my life losing sleep and moping around the house only for me to realize that I’m in love with you just for you to tell me that I’m not,” Dream takes a step closer to George.

“You’re *in love* with me?”

“God, yes. I don’t know when or how it happened but I’m in love with you. Maybe it’s always been there and I was too afraid to see it, or maybe I needed Sapnap’s continuous motivational speeches to get me to open my eyes, but I love you. I could say it over and over again if you wanted me to. However long it takes for you to believe that I love you. And sure, I’m a little tipsy because trust me I would not be rambling like this if I wasn’t, but I am still so in love with you,” Dream continues to move towards George, who has stopped moving at all.

“And part of me thinks that maybe you could love me too. I mean, I hope so, because the thought of losing you like this makes me want to curl up into a ball and never move again. Are you getting it yet?”

George stares at him for a while. No readable expression can be found on his face. Dream wants to scream. Could he really have been this stupid? Misread this many signs? It was looking that way.

“I’m gonna need you to say something because although I am drunk, I’m running out of words-”

He wishes he could remember every millisecond that passed in between him talking and George

wrapping his arms around his neck and kissing him. He can't, because the sudden feeling of George's soft pink lips on his is something that requires all of his attention and memory.

Dream could stay here forever. He thinks that if this was all he had to look forward to in Heaven, then he was willing to die right now.

George's kiss is unlike anything Dream has ever experienced before, and maybe that was because it was his first kiss with a boy, but then Dream thinks that any other kiss with any other boy would never come close to what this feeling was. This feeling of immediate want and need, this feeling of longing for something that wasn't even gone yet. Dream is so worried that George will somehow slip away that he wraps his arms around his waist and somehow pulls him closer.

Chest to chest, grabbing onto each other, mouths moving as if this was their last night on earth, Dream could finally feel complete. As if these last few months of misery were all leading up to this one moment of clarity.

When George pulls away, Dream believes that he'd actually died and gone to Heaven. The brunet's lips are red and somewhat puffy and it's all Dream ever wants to look at.

"I love you, too, idiot. Why do you think I waited so long before I started dating people?" George questions.

Dream furrows his brow and shrugs.

"To get over you, loser. I had a crush on you for ages and figured you'd never feel the same way, so I tried to move on," George sighs, a content smile on his face.

"That worked out well," the blond laughs.

"Clearly," George gets on his tippy-toes and connects their lips again. His hands move from his neck to his blond hair and Dream can't help but let his fingers discover the soft pale skin underneath George's shirt.

Dream breaks the kiss this time, leaning down to hide his flushed face in the crook of George's neck.

"You have no clue how long I've wanted to do that," George beams. "That first day we met at the coffee shop for the interview, that was it for me."

Dream detaches himself from George to look at him. Their cheeks are shades of red and their eyes are full of stars. It's dizzying, standing here in front of the boy he had learned to love with his whole heart, hearing him talk about where it all started only a year ago.

"That day, just hearing you talk about your life here and how much I was going to love the area, that was when I knew you were going to be someone so important to me. It was one of those moments where you realize that falling in love with someone was going to be inevitable, just a matter of time," George explains. "It was like I loved you before I knew you."

Dream doesn't know what to say. He wasn't aware of how much he needed to hear this, how he could stay here forever listening to George tell their story.

"Sorry that it took me so long to catch up," the tall blond laughs, running a hand through his hair.

"I didn't mind waiting," George's face was starting to hurt from smiling for so long. "We have the rest of our lives to make up for lost time."

They stay on the rooftop for the next half hour, laughing at stories about how oblivious they both had been and planning out the next chapter of their lives together. There are times where they pause the conversation just to take in the little things about each other; like the way Dream plays with George's fingers or the way George's head fits perfectly on Dream's shoulder.

"We should go to bed," George eventually says.

And while Dream could probably live the rest of his life on this rooftop, he would much rather fall asleep in a bed with George wrapped around him.

So they end up in George's bed facing each other, Dream's arm resting on George's waist. Dream thanks him *again* for such an amazing birthday to which George kisses his forehead and tells him that it wasn't that big of a deal. They lie there for a bit longer; stealing kisses and giggling at stupid jokes until Dream shoots up and begins looking for his phone.

"What's wrong?" George squints, trying to see what Dream is doing.

"Shit, did I leave my phone in the kitchen?"

"I dunno, probably. Why?"

"I need to tell Sapnap!" He starts to push the sheets off of him until George grabs his arm, laughing.

"It's late, Clay. You can tell him in the morning, I'm sure he and Karl are asleep by now. Let's just get some rest, okay?" George reassures him softly.

"Yeah, you're right," Dream pulls the sheets back up to his chest and turns towards George.

"Can I be little spoon?" the brunet giggles.

Dream only sighs and nods, trying not to giggle along. He felt like a teenager again.

"Goodnight, Clay," George whispers, turning over.

"Goodnight, George," he whispers back. "I love you."

"I love you, too. Happy Birthday."

For the first time in months, the two of them felt completely at ease, like nothing outside this apartment could ever hurt them. There was something so thrilling about this whole thing. It wasn't like they were starting over with a new partner, it felt more like they were picking up where they left off before Lucas. As if this is where they were heading all along, from the moment George first locked eyes with Dream in that coffee shop a year ago, this is where they were supposed to end up.

Sapnap's words from what felt like forever ago played on repeat as Dream fell asleep.

*This is his home. You're his home.*

He had been right. They had become each other's home somehow, even when they weren't in the apartment, they were at home. As long as they were with each other, they were home.

And there we have it! They got their happy ending :) I debated on leaving this here or adding an epilogue but for now, I think I'll be leaving Affection the way it is.

I seriously cannot thank you guys enough for all the support over the last few months. I never expected this to get as much attention as it has and I'm so grateful to have you guys giving feedback and sharing your thoughts.

As for what I'll be doing on this account now that Affection is done: I still really want to continue to write dnf. I think they're a really fun dynamic to write and I have so many oneshot ideas in my notes from forever ago. My hyper fixation on mcyt has faded, but I still do tune into a stream whenever I can. So I'll definitely still be around, just not as frequently. Of course, if you want updates on my works or just life in general, you can follow my Twitter SAYITFIRST.

Thank you all again, this has been so much fun. I'll see you when I see you! <3

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